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The League and the Underdog, by John Maynard Keynes, on page 800

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mighty Opposites

. . . "The high goal of our great endeavour
is spiritual attainment, individual worth,
at all cost to be sought and at all cost pursued,
to be won at all cost and at all cost assured;
not such material ease as might be attain'd for all
by cheap production and distribution of common needs
were all life level'd down to where the lowest can reach."

Robert Bridges has been called a Tory radical, and some kind of a Tory, a poet laureat should fittingly be, yet Jefferson would have subscribed to these lines. And if some of our younger obscurantists and dalliers with the raveled ends where literature and psychopathy meet would thoroughly digest such sound maxims they might still bake a cake or two out of this American dough, that they find so sodden.

For that is the choice the writer will have to make in America. Either he will get more stature for his spirit, or he will commit himself, like our most famous magazines, to a policy of the greatest good for the greatest number when compatible with profitable advertising. There is no in between here. Delicate intellectualisms which are profoundly interesting in Europe are either neglected entirely or crushed by our heavy mechanistic civilization. They cannot get social meaning here, and without social meaning literature usually degenerates into a parlor game. The great writers of the tradition may be roughly divided into those who would and those who would not have been successful in the United States today. And who can doubt that only those of robust spirit—the great mirthful ones like Chaucer and Rabelais, the sharp-sworded ones such as Pope and Byron and Ben Jonson, the bludgeon carriers, Dr. Johnson and Milton and Swift, the high-souled, Spenser and Wordsworth, and the entrepreneurs of evident genius, like Shakespeare and Dickens, would have been those most likely to make head against the powerful materialism of our herds.

The critical principle involved is, like summons like. It was the singular wickedness of the Renaissance that called out the singular pieties of the Puritans and the Counter Reformation. The crudeness of the imperial Roman challenged an elegance in Horace and Vergil. The corner-store Yankeeness of New England was so magnificently small-minded and pettily shrewd that an Emerson, a Thoreau, and a Hawthorne gave the only possible response.

We look for some ringing answer to the five-and-ten-cent store magazines, to the smugness of syndicated "boiler plate," to the smooth insincerity of a Broadway show, the platitudes of magazine journalism, and the spiritual emptiness of our best moral writings. But such an opposite will never come from clever boys, or ultra esthetic experimenters. They have their uses, but not in this six ring circus of active American life. Literature in this country, to get on its feet, needs as much scholarship as the best specialists are putting into the realignment of texts. It needs the vigorous emotions of the revivalist who shoots glory like an unstopped oil well. It needs the subtle reason which our lawyers are expending so fatuously on a legal system fifty years out of date. It needs more intellectual honesty than most American cities could assemble to meet a hurry call. And it needs all the imagination we have used in business, admittedly great, multiplied by ten, and lifted above the production stage to the plane where one considers not Where do I eat? but, Why do I live?

We are not anti-feminists, but we follow Havelock Ellis when it comes to sex difficulties, and therefore unhesitatingly say that more men are needed in literature. To throw a bomb at a triumphant materialism is a man's job, as indeed the great efforts in literature in the past, with the rarest exceptions, have always been. Our women are skilful, and in fiction, and particularly in the novel, they have a genre admirably adapted to their talents. Put too much spirit in a novel and it explodes into something else. But in poetry, in tragedy and comedy, in satire, in the modes which admit greatness easily, they have never been great. As for the men—the best of our men writers have been imperfectly educated and show it by taking the wrong road or missing the point of it all half way through life. And most of the rest

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Body

By GEORGE DILLON

CRUEL and lovely, being feared,
Iron, and phosphorus, and air—
Creature of chaos, I have heard—
The body were too much to bear;

Yet be the spirit a little brave,
It were as light as plume on wing—
As light, as brief, as foam on wave,
Or on the world the freight of spring:

Then time would cut the ghostly tether,
And the bright captive blow away
In autumn with the eagle's feather,
The falling leaf, the flying spray.

This Week

"Greek Thought and the Origins of the Scientific Spirit."
Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP.
"Ibsen, the Master Builder."
Reviewed by JOHN RANKEN TOWSE.
"England."
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"David Lloyd George."
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"The Man Who Lost Himself."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.
"Huntsman in the Sky."
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"The Life of Miranda."
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Blue China.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Humanism as Dogma.
By WALTER LIPPMANN.
Major Putnam: A bignette.
By LOUIS BROMFIELD.

Greek Thought*

By F. S. C. NORTHROP
Yale University

THE quality of Greek thought is such as to preserve it from the destructive influences of time. Its creators combined the modern *flair* for careful observation with the Scholastics' capacity for precise and deep thinking. Insight so illuminated their labors that they succeeded in passing by confusing details to the central point at issue. For these reasons their works constitute the surest antidote against superficiality that exists. Because of these capabilities they founded science, and followed it through to philosophy. This, alone, is sufficient to make them worthy of the serious attention of any people at any time.

However, recent developments in science make an understanding of their achievements of unusual importance. The theory of relativity has brought the philosophical foundations of traditional modern science into question. This involves very much more than a mere generalization beyond Newtonian mechanics. The very conception in terms of which both scientist and layman has thought of his universe during the last two and one-half centuries has been found to be inadequate; the most ultimate and elemental concepts in terms of which the scientists have stated their findings are known to be false or incomplete. Not merely a particular scientific theory but the very foundations of modern science, and hence, of the modern world, are in question. Such a situation has appeared on only two previous occasions in the entire twenty-eight centuries of Western civilization. The second was when Galileo and Newton revealed the inadequacy of the Aristotelian philosophy of science; the first, during the time of the Greeks. To understand these periods, therefore, is to come to an understanding of our own.

* * *

But this is not all. The discoveries of Einstein have brought traditional first principles into question, without indicating the new or modified principles which must take their place. This was not the case in the seventeenth century. The discoveries of Galileo and Newton pointed unequivocally to the validity of the physical theory of nature. This happened because of the primary importance which masses and forces took on after the investigations of Galileo. Physical categories were revealed to be the key to natural processes. All reputable scientists proceeded to take it for granted that nature is to be conceived as a system of masses, moving and operated on by forces, in absolute space and absolute time. This is the philosophy of the modern world. Since it appeared to be established as a necessary presupposition of the Newtonian mechanics there was no occasion for scientists to be philosophical. When all agree on philosophy nothing more needs to be said. Man may neglect the foundations of scientific knowledge and give his time to an exposition of natural processes in terms of the accepted philosophical conception.

The situation following the relativity theory is quite different, as anyone who reads the various interpretations of it, given by leading physicists, will soon discover. Whitehead, Eddington, and Weyl all agree that traditional first principles are inade-

*GREEK THOUGHT AND THE ORIGINS OF SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT. By LÉON ROBIN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $6.50.

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quate, but they and Einstein differ concerning the new theory that must arise. In other words, the facts of science at the present time do not point unambiguously and obviously, as they did with Galileo and Newton, to the validity of one specific theory of the first principles of science. An analogous situation can be found only in the Greek world when scientific evidence led to the three different philosophical theories of Leucippos, Plato, and Aristotle.

Furthermore, when we get down to the bottom of the different conceptions of science which Einstein, Eddington, Weyl, and Whitehead are implicitly or explicitly proposing, we find them to be precisely the same three basic theories which Leucippos, Plato, and Aristotle outlined. To be sure, there are marked differences in the way these modern conceptions work themselves out as to details, but at bottom, as far as fundamental philosophical principles are concerned, they are essentially the same as their respective Greek analogues. It happens to be the case, therefore, notwithstanding the advances of modern science, that we have not really gone beyond the fundamental basic problem of science and philosophy which the Greeks discovered and faced. The only difference is one of words. They were concerned with the problem of the relation between matter and form, whereas the fundamental problem, to which the relativity theory has given rise, is that of the relation between matter and space-time. One has but to note that space-time structure is mathematical relatedness, which in turn is what the Greeks called form, to discover that the difference is purely verbal. The plain fact is that, when one considers first principles, the Greeks are eternally modern.

This relevance of the past to the present does not end here. We have indicated that Einstein's work has given rise to a problem rather than provided a solution. This point must be grasped, if we are not to be misled concerning the certainty of much that our scientists are writing. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the answer to the question of the first principles of science is not something absolutely established, which can be glibly read off by any physicist or mathematician who understands [illegible] theory. The question at issue is of such [illegible]r and involves questions of [illegible]hing kind, that much more [illegible] than is suggested by contemporary physics is necessary for its solution. When first principles are in question, nothing except bare fact can be taken for granted. One must begin at the very beginning. This means that a knowledge of Greek science is a necessity. For only with the Greeks do we have the privilege of getting back behind all our scientific theories to the facts from which they were derived. Only when we combine their evidence with ours can we be sure of a truly scientific and non-question-begging solution.

* * *

This may seem to be very strange counsel. We must remember, however, that the conceptions which Einstein has brought into question are those which have been longest taken for granted. They were established back at the beginnings of science in Greece. If they are wrong, then a mistake was made back there. No alternative remains but to reconsider Greek evidence and inferences in the hope of finding the original error. As Whitehead has emphasized, we must re-examine the foundation of all scientific knowledge. We have no choice, therefore, but to review the history of Greek science and philosophy.

Hence, the appearance of a book on "Greek Thought and the Origins of the Scientific Spirit" is most opportune. It is fortunate also that the timeliness of the book is equaled by its soundness. The author, Professor Robin of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris, brings to his task all the erudition for which the best scholars of his country are famous, and the experience which only an author of an established authoritative study of Plato can possess.

There are many good books covering parts of this period. It is doubtful, however, if any exists which succeeds in embracing the entire period from Thales to and including Plotinus, while keeping us continuously aware of the available textual sources of our knowledge, as does this one. It could have been written only by a scholar who has so mastered his material as to become at ease with it. One can be sure, for the most part, of a readable survey combined with a sound account of the details.

Only one counsel must be given. This book should be read after, or in conjunction with, Dr. George Sarton's "Introduction to the History of Science."* The latter monumental work will not be found to provide light reading. It is essentially a reference work. But if anyone is really interested in getting at the truth concerning the Greeks, and in gaining the insight into our own difficulties which they can give, the use of Sarton's book is a necessity.

For only as one brings its review of the history of the technical sciences of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and biology into conjunction with Robin's account of the work of the Pre-Socratic philosophers does one find the real origin of the scientific spirit and the source of the philosophical conceptions which Robin treats. Failure to include the technical scientific background of Greek philosophy, which Sarton portrays, has made all our books on Greek thought positively misleading. Two errors always arise. The philosophical conceptions of Plato and Aristotle are robbed of the empirical and technical scientific evidence upon which they rested; and Greek science is pictured as viciously speculative rather than genuinely inductive and technically empirical. Only if one follows Robin in conjunction with Sarton can these two errors be avoided.

* * *

It is not beside the point to add that the time has come for the modern world to realize that something more than a knowledge of Greek stems and an interest in poetry is necessary for an understanding of Greek thought. The greatest enemies of the classics, in our educational institutions, are not the scientists but the classicists themselves, too many of whom suppose that one who is indifferent, or even opposed, to science can understand the Greek spirit. Nothing is more ridiculous than an understanding of the Greek view of life without scientific knowledge and the scientific attitude of mind.

Plato did not tell the educators of his day that a knowledge of poetry and the Egyptian language would produce an educated man. Instead, he said, in the "Republic," with all the emphasis and dramatic eloquence of which he was capable, that no one need regard himself as educated, or prepared to live the good life, until he has mastered mathematics, astronomy, and dialectic, or deductive logic. No such fallacious idea as the modern notion that scientific knowledge must be counteracted by ethical teaching or a study of the literature and the wars of the past ever entered into the best Greek thought.

For it, there is no such thing as a good act apart from a scientific knowledge of the facts which the act in question involves, and a consideration of those facts in the light of the first principles of science. Technical knowledge must be combined with dialectic. The good life is not something to be attained by being continually reminded that one has a soul, or by an act of faith which is supposed to bring that soul into a privileged relation with the Deity. No such easy roads to the good life were ever offered by Plato and Aristotle. Only the person who understands the science of his day and has climbed the dialectical ladder, and undergone the conversion of soul which the discipline of its scientific methods entails, to discover the basic first principles of science which reveal the details in the light of the whole, can lead the good life. Certainly this is sound sense. For only one who can think in terms of first principles can draw the distinction between that which is primary and that which is secondary, which the idea of the good involves.

Before the Greek spirit can become completely intelligible to us it must be taken out of the hands of "scientific historians" and placed in the hands of historians who know science. Robin's knowledge of the philosophical texts and his understanding of Greek philosophy must be combined with Sarton's knowledge of Greek technical science.

It must be remembered, in the last analysis, that the Greek philosophers wrote in the Greek language, not primarily to use Greek stems, but to express certain facts and indicate their consequences. If this be true, then a recreation of the scientific background in which they worked, as well as a study of the roots of their language should provide a clue to their meanings. When this background is discovered an intimate connection between technical science and the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle will be revealed, an insight into the peculiarities of our own situation will be gained, and the Greeks will be discovered to be as eternally modern as the Moderns are eternally Greek.

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* INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE. Vol. I. From Homer to Omar Khayyam. By GEORGE SARTON. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins.

A New Life of Ibsen

IBSEN, THE MASTER BUILDER. By A. E. ZUCKER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

IN his preface to his work the author says that "its chief purpose is to present a portrait of the man (Ibsen) painted largely from materials furnished by men and women who actually knew him." That this purpose has been practically fulfilled, in somewhat striking fashion, may be admitted promptly and unhesitatingly. There is no good reason for doubting that this latest study of the character and personality of the eminent Norwegian is as accurate as it is vivid, since notwithstanding its more elaborate finish and accumulated details it, in effect, only serves to deepen very general impressions long ago established. It should be said, however, at the outset, that Mr. Zucker, although not particularly gifted with the graces of literary style or any notably keen critical faculty, deserves every credit for the breadth and carefulness of his research, his evident conscientiousness as a collector and reporter of facts, and his unfaltering adherence, sometimes in disregard of such facts, to his own preconceived ideals. As a biographer, doubtless, he is entirely trustworthy. It is only in his estimates of the genius and actual accomplishment of his subject, that his zeal outruns his discretion and exposes him to challenge. By the comparatively small group of fanatical Ibsenian worshippers his book, probably, will be hailed with acclamation as an unassailable gospel. In it, apparently, he subscribes to the dictum of Pirandello that "Ibsen as poet and dramatist ranks next to Shakespeare." One is tempted to ask why Pirandello should be selected as arbiter in a question of this kind, but that, perhaps, does not much matter.

If the book, inevitably, has scarcely anything to tell that is startlingly new or of fresh significance it is interesting because of its observance of minor details illustrative of the personality and mentality of Ibsen, his self-centered, resolute, and cynical individuality, the hardening and restricting of it by circumstances and environment, and, especially, by its almost uncenscious manifestation of the influence of an intellect and character, thus formed and intensified, upon his most provocative social dramas. The main outlines of his checkered and extraordinary career are too familiar to all interested persons to need reproduction here. Much more highly gifted intellectually than the vast majority of his compatriots, arrogant in his conviction of his own superior abilities, and despising the more prosperous but somewhat mouldy society from which he was debarred by poverty, hopelessly embittered though never crushed—he had wonderful courage—by the persistent trials, neglect, and disappointments of youth and early manhood, and morbidly alive to the pettiness, meanness, corruption, and general degeneracy of the system in which he was submerged, he seems to have come to regard the manners and morals of his remote environment as typical of the world at large. The very strength and independence of his character, conceivably, may have prevented him from recognizing or acknowledging the more kindly, generous, or noble qualities in imperfect human nature. It was the seamy and unlovable side of it that he chiefly dealt with and studied with a piercing but jaundiced eye. The treatment of this point by Mr. Zucker is one of prudent avoidance.

* * *

That in the long array of the world's poets and dramatists the name of Ibsen must be assigned an honorable place no one will deny. But in the not distant future it will not be found among those of the greatest. For a generation he was the object of an extraordinary publicity which won for him a notoriety—partly due to the gallantry of his supporters, partly to the attacks of his critics—already on the decline. And notoriety is not fame, a matter of later and more persistent growth. Had he, indeed, pursued the road of romantic and legendary national drama on which he set out, when inspired by the ambition of Norwegian regeneration, he might possibly have attained to a much higher dramatic and literary stature, by using material of a less sordid and more imaginative cast. Of those earlier works nothing, or little, is heard now, although they revealed dramatic power and poetic fancy. Both these qualities were exhibited even more unmistakably in "Brand," which, despite its gloomy tone must be accounted among his most memorable achievements. "Peer Gynt," also, with its fantasy, variety, mockery,

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satire, and legendary lore is a panorama of unquestionable genius, although too intrinsically Scandinavian in its spirit to win general popularity, even with the aid of Grieg's entrancing music. Such pieces as "Love's Comedy," "The Pretenders," "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society" have their undeniable excellences, but are not of transcendant originality or merit. Nor does "Emperor and Galilean" put all quasi-historical drama into eclipse.

Actually it was with the appearance of "A Doll's House" that the repute of Ibsen became international. The phenomenal vogue acquired by this play was altogether disproportionate to its intrinsic literary and dramatic values. Coincident with the earlier stages of the agitation in favor of feminine emancipation, it attracted wide-spread attention by the appositeness, dexterity, and realism of its special pleading, and aspiring women everywhere gave it their enthusiastic support. It was not, in any sense, great drama, nothing in its personages, situations, or imagination rising above the level of the commonplace. But it was pregnant throughout with an appealing sex motive that everybody could understand. And in the compactness, smoothness, and interdependence of its mechanism it was a model of artistic and effective dramatic construction. And herein may be discerned the real gist and substance of the sterling benefit and instruction which Ibsen conferred upon the modern theatre, then largely filled with unmeaning trash and slipshod workmanship. He did not, as Mr. Zucker assumes, revolutionize the drama, change its traditional forms or objects, or, as a matter of fact, greatly enrich its treasury of masterpieces, but he did show how a skilful craftsman—or Master Builder—even when working with ordinary, but aptly chosen, materials, could, by steady adherence to a definite plan and purpose, and minute portrayal of diverse individual characteristics, compose an arresting and consistently effective play, without resorting to wildly ludicrous, extravagant, or irrelevant artifice.

"Ghosts," temporarily, proved almost as great a sensational success as "A Doll's House" and for similar reasons. Its appearance was contemporaneous with a marked revival of public interest in the subject of heredity and its illustration of the principle, though not new in idea or very precious as a scientific demonstration, was vivid and, on the surface, sufficiently logical, while the chief personages, of somewhat extravagant type, were depicted with realism and consistency, and the closely knit story compounded with masterful ingenuity. None of the stuff was first rate, but the expert treatment displayed all of it to the best advantage. The attacks upon the piece, provoked by its drabness and morbidity, and the queer notion that there was something immoral about it, helped to stir curiosity and create notoriety. It is by these two plays, probably, that Ibsen is most widely known, although much of his finer work is to be found in such symbolical and imaginative, but less intelligible, works as "The Wild Duck," "The Lady from the Sea," "Rosmersholm," and "The Master Builder." From the purely theatrical point of view "Hedda Gabler"—whose fantastic, highly colored, and unamiable heroine has engaged the efforts of many leading actresses—was, perhaps, one of his most successful productions. The joiner-work of it is excellent, as usual, but the minor characters have no special distinction, while the prevailing atmosphere is unexhilarating, and the study of wayward womanhood, is neither profound nor especially subtle or truthful.

The precise status of Ibsen as a poet needs no present consideration as Mr. Zucker makes no attempt to define it. As a dramatist, particularly in his earlier and more romantic moods, he is entitled, unquestionably, to a fairly prominent position among the writers for the theatre or the library. But to place him next or near to Shakespeare, or among the greatest of all time, is to betray a lamentable lack of taste and judgment. Not his was the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, nor genius that is for all time.

Mighty Opposites

(*Continued from page* 793)

have been sold at the outset to the ideals of mass production. When quantity comes in at the window, quality goes out at the door.

What is elevation of spirit in literature? Is that a question to be answered in an editorial? But Milton knew when he wrote of Fame "that the clear spirit both raise . . . to scorn delights and live laborious days. . . . But not the praise, Phoebus repli'd, . . . Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil."

A Portrait of England

ENGLAND. By WILHELM DIBELIUS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

THIS remarkable book, which has been most admirably translated, is, I think, the most valuable single work published on its subject in recent times. It differs from President Lowell's well-known work, partly by reason of its width of treatment and power of incisive judgment, partly because of its effort to relate institutions to the psychological deposit of national tradition. It has not, let it be said at once, the universality which made Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" one of the seminal books of the nineteenth century. I am inclined to compare it with Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and to urge that it comes out well from a comparison which is itself a verdict of high quality. Certainly no European scholar who has written of England has ever approached the standard of this book; nor do I know of any contemporary work which, at the moment, equals it in grasp of principle or knowledge of detail. Weighing my words carefully, I suggest that it is the indispensable book on its subject at the present time.

Professor Dibelius covers a very wide area. What he has attempted is, so to say, an impressionist portrait of England. Its position as a world-power, its

A cartoon of Lloyd George reproduced from *Punch* in "Lloyd George," by Mr. Punch (Stokes). (*See next page.*)

national characteristics, its industries, its constitution, its churches, and its educational system,—all these are handled with knowledge and insight, and with, in general, remarkable accuracy. Sometimes one is tempted to dissent. I think, for example, that Professor Dibelius's picture of British imperialism is written more out of the books of Mr. Bernard Shaw than out of the raw material of history. I am more impressed than he is by English provincial universities. I do not think he realizes quite how deep is the modern scepticism of the English public school. He underestimates, in my judgment, the degree of reconstruction that has taken place in English political institutions since the war; and he overestimates the influence of religious institutions today in their power to shape the national life. I think, too, that what he calls the "Anglo-Saxon idea," the love of freedom, the resentment of state interference, and so on, would need rather careful annotation if it were not to emerge as more distinct and clarified than in fact it is. Granted, again, the facts, I believe that Professor Dibelius ends upon an excessively optimistic note. But these are differences of opinion in which there are arguments on either side. None of them disturbs the profound insight of the general portrait he has drawn.

What I should like here to note is certain elements in that portrait revealed to me with new precision by the power of Professor Dibelius's analysis. I do not say that they are new; I only say that they are the more freshly seen by the way in which he presents them. The first, and the most outstanding, is the pervading and enduring power of the English aristocracy. There has not, so far as I know, been anything like this in the history of the world. It has gone in France and Germany, in Russia and Italy and the Scandinavian countries. In England it remains, a little shaken, perhaps, but still profound. The aristocracy, by its marriage with the City, its political relations, its administrative connections, shows a capacity of influence and absorption that are quite incomparable. There are still big feudal elements in English life. The problem of rural England in no small degree depends upon their recognition. A democratic franchise system still gives unique advantages to the aristocrat who enters political life. Other things being equal, he will get into the House of Commons, and thence into the Cabinet, about ten years earlier than self-made men. Contact with him will soften the edges of those who dislike aristocratic predominance and seek its destruction. Mr. MacDonald does not send ardent socialists to the House of Lords, but men rather like the occupants there of the Conservative benches. I think it was Mr. Chesterton who once said that the greatest event in the English nineteenth century was the revolution that did not happen. That was true because the governing class has always known when to compromise and coalesce. In Professor Dibelius's picture I see no element which suggests a decline of that capacity. He knows just what to improve and just what to preserve. It is still at the very heart of power.

Professor Dibelius criticizes a little severely the operation of Parliamentary government in England. He thinks it tends, in some degree, to the unreality of a sham fight and that certain classes, the underpaid curate, for example, and the small rentier, are unprotected in the conflict of parties, where a strong monarchy might safeguard their interests. On the whole, I am not impressed by his argument. As I have sought elsewhere to show, English parliamentary procedure is in drastic need of reform. But I am tempted to say, first, that the two-party system is a capital discovery in the technique of parliament, and even of representative government, and, secondly, that the interests Professor Dibelius thinks neglected under the system are just those least deserving of protection. My own doubt would be on a different aspect of his theme. Parliamentary government depends for its success upon the assumption that parties are agreed about fundamentals and differ only on points of detail. For these can be discussed and there are always ways and means of arriving at agreement by compromise. Where ultimate principle is concerned, as Ireland showed, as India may show, discussion cannot solve the problem. For discussion admits that reason must prevail, and where men argue from different premises, passion and not reason, is king. Here, as I think, is the main problem of parliamentary government in the future. I do not feel clear that it is certain to meet it successfully.

* * *

For here is a point of substance upon which Professor Dibelius does not, I think, touch adequately. You cannot make England a constitutional democracy, as was done by the Act of 1928, in politics without raising major issues of industrial government. You cannot meet those major issues, without demanding the surrender of very considerable economic power from the governing classes. They mean, as Mr. Keynes has recognized with emphasis, high taxation to distribute more equally the amenities of social life. They mean also, as education does its fell work, an increasing demand for constitutional government in industry. The effect of both these tendencies in England is, of necessity, towards a growing economic equality, and the effect of that is the disappearance of the rentier class whose outlook has been mainly shaped by contact with the aristocracy. The question I ask myself is whether the revolution in the quality of life that these things portend can be accomplished silently and in peace. I wish Professor Dibelius had dealt with this question. To answer it in the affirmative is to say that the English governing class will be the first in history peacefully to abdicate from the possession of social control. It would be exhilarating to be able to think that confidently. It would also, I suggest, be absurdly optimistic.

Two other remarks I venture to make. Professor Dibelius sees signs of new life stirring in the churches. I wish he had given us the evidence for this and sought to measure its significance. My own impression is that, whether judged by attendance at service, or candidates for the ministry, or power to

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resist changes in moral outlook, the decline in ecclesiastical authority is one of the most significant things of our time in England. Its hold on the universities was never so small. With many, faith in a political creed has taken its place; thousands do voluntary work for the Labor Party which, a generation ago, they would have devoted to church or chapel. I doubt whether any religious leader today could obtain the kind of leadership that Westcott or Spurgeon or General Booth had for the last generation. There may be many signs of a vaguely religious temper; but I doubt whether the churches have any considerable part in its inspiration or control. And it is notable, too, that revivalism in England today is quite dead except as a spectacle which has to compete with the movie or the football match.

Professor Dibelius hazards the suggestion that the English universities will long remain the "pillars of aristocratic tradition." Here, I think, he exaggerates. At Oxford and London, among the undergraduates, the Labor Party is far stronger and more active than its rivals; elsewhere, invariably, it has a strong and growing life. The aristocratic "flavor" of the universities is due, I think, to three things: first, to the comparatively large sum of money a three or four years' course requires. This means that their clientèle is still mainly drawn from the upper and middle classes. Second, it is due to their form of government which, at the financial centre, is largely that of business men. This tends to a search for the "safe" professor in a way with which Americans are sufficiently acquainted, as the head of the university. Thirdly, at Oxford and Cambridge and the Scottish universities, the power of the Churches remains immense. All these characteristics will disappear as and if the Labor Party is able, first to extend the facilities for university instruction to the children of the working-classes, and, second, as Labor captures the municipalities and thus comes to have its say in the governance of local universities. The reason for the position Professor Dibelius records is simply that the control of the universities has been in the hands of vested interests. As that passes, I think wide and deep change is probable. Respectability today is much less an academic virtue than it was when I was a student at Oxford.

Lloyd George, Democrat

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. By J. Hugh Edwards. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1929. $7.50.

Reviewed by J. W. T. Mason

IT is well that Mr. Edwards has written his two volumes about Lloyd George while that statesman is still in full enjoyment of his powers and still may have a great part to play in the world's future. Democracy not only in Great Britain, but everywhere, can read these volumes with profit. Lloyd George is one of the great democrats of our time. He may be, as the future will judge, the greatest. Certainly, his personality and his traits of character symbolize the democratic movement, not limited to the bounds of his own country, but having a universal application. His democracy is natural and spontaneous, having both the faults and the far greater virtues of humanity's persistent search for freedom.

When he visited America, after the war, I stood beside him in a small group aboard the cutter that brought him ashore from his trans-Atlantic liner. As we came in sight of the Statue of Liberty, I interrupted an animated conversation to point the Statue out to him. Instantly, Lloyd George's countenance, at the moment smiling and vivacious, changed. His face assumed an expression akin to veneration. He came to rigid, silent attention and in this attitude, he removed his hat and held it at the civilian salute. He said no word, uttered no apostrophe to freedom. He seemed like a soldier in the cause of liberty, paying reverence to his Goddess. He stood immovable for a moment, then bowed, ending his homage. No other European could have shown the same spirit with such obvious sincerity.

When he left New York for his return voyage, the ship news reporters, the most unromantic and most sophisticated news gatherers of the journalistic craft, visited him in his cabin and presented him with a resolution of eulogy. He is probably the only world personage to whom that tribute has been paid. Any man who can rouse New York's ship news gatherers to such a height of respect is not only a national leader; he is a true internationalist, a symbol of the universal man.

Indeed, Lloyd George is more popular in the United States, and his type of leadership is better understood here, than in his own country. His humble birth, his early struggles, and his vigorous espousal of popular causes without the background of a cultural education, combine to represent the spirit of democracy in America more than in England. The British still suspect the masses of being incompetent to provide national leaders from among their own ranks. There must be a disciplined intellectuality added, for the class feeling still prevails; and, that is one of the reasons for the decline of the Liberal party in Great Britain.

Lloyd George's character differs in this respect fundamentally from Gladstone's and Rosebery's and Asquith's, the liberal leaders who preceded him in command of the party, Campbell-Bannerman's leadership being but a compromise interlude and unimportant. Gladstone, Rosenbery, and Asquith were scholars and possessed a certain intellectual aloofness. Gladstone was the last of the liberals able to popularize himself despite his scholarship. The struggle between Asquith and Lloyd George was really a conflict between liberalism curbed by intellectualistic disdain of popular methods of leadership and the newer liberalism, distrusting intellectualism as being out of touch with mass desires and ambitions.

Mr. Edwards informs us that early in Lloyd George's parliamentary career:

> One who was friendlily disposed towards him tendered this advice: "Get up your political philosophy. A good six months' hard grinding at Maine and Aristotle, Hobbs and Locke and Burke, would do you a world of good. You have great powers, both of thinking and of talking, but they require training and cultivation. About you there are great possibilities—possibilities that may end in much or in nothing."

That was precisely the kind of advice to be offered naturally to a British political leader a generation ago, when Oxford and Cambridge were the training grounds for those seeking public careers. But as Mr. Edwards says:

> Such counsel, well meaning as it was, missed its mark. Every man is a law unto himself, and knows instinctively the bias of his destiny. The dust-covered tomes of abstruse treatises on political philosophy had obviously no attraction for the young Member.

Present events far more than the past have ever interested Lloyd George. The responsiveness of his mind to existing conditions, his sensitiveness to the realistic, and his energetic spirit of action have made him akin to the democratic mass. And, if the mass in Great Britain prefers for the time being the class leadership of Labor, represented by Ramsay MacDonald, that is because Lloyd George has never fallen into the error of believing that prosperity and high wages can result simply by legislative enactments. He represents the modern school that trusts to action and creative effort as the means of progress, which is why his democracy is so closely akin to the American idea.

* * *

During the world war, it was this characteristic of Lloyd George which carried him to the premiership and caused him, more than any other individual, to be responsible for Great Britain's success in the conflict. But it was also his passion for action, coupled with his liberalism and his frequent heedlessness, which caused him to rush Greece into her disastrous war with Turkey after the greater conflict had ended. He did not foresee that France and Italy, jealous of the prestige which would accrue to Great Britain if Greece had won, would secretly checkmate the Greeks. Mr. Edwards passes over this incident lightly; but it is symptomatic of the lack of disciplined thinking which is a part of Lloyd George's mind. He does not look far ahead. When careful foresight is essential, Lloyd George is at his worst. When instant action to meet a great crisis is needed, he is at his best. Democracy has yet to learn how to think things through; but, had democracy always stopped to think before acting, it would have lost far more than it could have gained. The balance to democracy's account favors action first; and it is his primary concern for activity that has made Lloyd George so impressive a standard bearer in the democratic advance.

His courage has the quality at times of recklessness, for he is headstrong in his constant responsiveness to whatever the present condition may be. During the Boer War, he was not content to oppose Great Britain's imperialistic struggle against the Dutch in South Africa. He sought a counter-offensive against those who called him "pro-Boer" by insisting on addressing a public meeting in Birmingham, the home town of the late Joseph Chamberlain, who was regarded as the chief sponsor of the war. Mr. Edwards has described vividly the unsuccessful efforts to prevent Lloyd George reaching Birmingham, the riotous proceedings in the hall when Lloyd George faced his opponents from the platform amid cries of "traitor," and his eventual escape from mob violence. Facing his angry audience, who were bent on doing him bodily harm, Lloyd George caught sight of Union Jack flags being frantically waved at him. He pointed at them, exclaiming:

> The Union Jack is the pride and property of our common country, and no man who really loves it could do anything but dissent from its being converted into Mr. Chamberlain's pocket-handkerchief.

The bitterness of the retort shows that intensity of invective which Lloyd George has used on innumerable occasions, causing stiffness of opposition where a more compromising attitude would have served him better. But, in the heat of debate, his active temperament causes him to be dominated by the will to victory at any cost, and he has a trait of the mob in himself, in this respect. It is no wonder, then, that at Birmingham, he "was on his feet for nearly an hour, but he had been able to utter only a few sentences, and these the reporters had the utmost difficulty in catching. One stone after another had come crashing through the windows, and not a few had fallen upon the platform."

The next war in which Great Britain was engaged saw Lloyd George in a different rôle, called in the supreme emergency, to lead his country to victory. Thus has the man's fate ever swung backward and forward, and still swings, as he holds today the balance of power in the House of Commons, though with but a handful of followers.

Mr. Edwards has written Lloyd George's story simply and with vivacity. It is a moving narrative, though no deeper in philosophic analysis than Lloyd George's own competence in this respect. But it relates the fundamental facts in the evolution of a commanding democrat and a great lover of liberty. Democracy can well take pride in Lloyd George and it is fitting that his career be held fresh in memory while he still lives and continues his leadership. Mr. Edwards's volume makes welcome reading for all interested in democracy's future and the kind of men democracy needs as its future spokesmen.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of The Saturday Review *and have seemed to us worthy of special recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not get the recognition which we believe they deserve.*

★ SCHWEIK, THE GOOD SOLDIER. By Jaroslav Hasek. Doubleday, Doran.

A tale recounting the experiences of a Czech soldier in the war which laughed thousands of the Czechs into mutiny.

★ "—CO." By Jean-Richard Bloch. Simon & Schuster.

A novel wherein is set forth against a richly tapestried background of character and incident the perpetual and consuming struggle between man and the machine.

★ "THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY." By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press.

A philosophic poem by the Poet Laureate of England, noble in conception, and as plastic to a wise experimentation as though its author were in his salad days instead of eighty-six years young.

★ FOR THE DEFENCE: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall. Macmillan.

A biography of the most spectacular criminal lawyer of contemporary England who could have furnished forth from his experiences the stuff of a hundred detective stories.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Russian Masterpiece

OBLOMOV. By IVAN GONCHAROV. Translated by NATALIE A. DUDDINGTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER KAUN

IT has taken seventy years for Goncharov's "Oblomov," an undeniable Russian masterpiece, to appear in an unabridged English translation. The publication of this novel is a gratifying event, and while there is hardly any danger of the book proving a best seller, it will be read with joy by all lovers of good literature, who are out after a fine book and not after the latest model.

"Oblomov" stood out as a masterpiece at the time when Turgeniev, Dostoievsky, and Tolstoy created their best. The name of Goncharov used to be linked with that of Turgeniev, despite, or perhaps because, of their personal and literary dissimilarities. In fact, Goncharov was the least liked, and the least hated, writer in Russia, a land where the pen roused passionate emotion, be it affection or resentment. He was altogether too safe and sane, regular and methodical for the Slav temperament. Yet his "Oblomov" commanded the attention and admiration of critics and readers, reaping a much more even success than Turgeniev's "Fathers and Sons." Goncharov's other two novels, "A Common Story" and "The Precipice," were in comparison a failure, and deservedly so.

Oblomov is as generic as Don Quixote or Hamlet or Gogol's Chichikov. He personifies slothful indolence, almost to the point of sublimating this vice. His is a *far niente*, but without the *dolce*. For instead of lazily enjoying his immobility and inactivity, his conscience is gnawed by self-reproach, Prompted by this inner voice and by the urgings of his friends, he makes supreme efforts to shake off his passivity, but in the end he sinks back into the slough, exhausted and disheartened. The appearance of Olga on the stage, and the kindling of mutual love between them, seem to stir him, to jolt him out of his paralysis, but only for a while. His physical and mental indolence proves too deep to be routed even by a powerful emotion. When Olga is forced to give him up, Oblomov loses the last incentive for assertion of his will, whatever dynamic particle of his will has been spared atrophy. With consummate skill Goncharov draws the progressive degeneration of Oblomov, in its pathetic ineluctability.

Though Oblomivism is a generic, universal trait, in Russia it has been regarded as typical of the gentry. Indeed, the serf-owning class, enjoying economic and social privileges, but forbidden all political and intellectual initiative by a jealous autocracy, bred legions of lackadaisical Oblomovs. A citizen of the Soviet Union could ill afford to wallow on his sofa and have things take care of themselves. Yet Oblomovism is as thinkable to-day as Quixotism, and not only on the soil of its portrayer.

The convincing strength of Oblomov is due in part to the author's intimate familiarity with the character: he was himself an Oblomov. Aware of his weakness, and lamenting it as a national vice, Goncharov set out to present a contrasting character in the novel. His Stolz, a Russian of German descent, is Goncharov's ideal of an efficient, virtuous, energetic citizen, who is to counterbalance the pernicious idleness of Oblomov. Stolz is clever, Stolz is superior, Stolz is successful. But here happened what Tolstoy compared with the case of Balaam whom God gave no choice about blessing and cursing. The reader of Goncharov's novel can feel no sympathy for Stolz—a soulless set of rules and precepts. Oblomov, on the other hand, wins our heart with his childlike directness and helplessness. He has that charm of impractical Russians which William Gerhardi depicted so understandingly in "Futility" and "Polyglots."

Could Stolz have been drawn with warmth and sympathy? Not by Goncharov, all his intentions notwithstanding. Not by any representative Russian, for that matter. I do not know of a single positive character in Russian literature, who might be labeled by the man of the street as a successful individual. Recall Turgeniev's frantic effort to create a practical yet likable Russian: his Rudins are always more attractive than his Solomins ("Virgin Soil"), and his Bazarovs invariably meet a silly end. Gogol lost his balance in a futile attempt to present virtuous Russians. If Tolstoy's heroes occasionally end "happily," their happiness is of the same patched-up variety as the one Tolstoy wished to believe himself to have found in his later life. Can one imagine one of Dostoievsky's hysterics or epileptics, that is, his favorites, attaining earthly success? Chekhov intended Lopakhih, in the "Cherry Orchard," as a positive character, and felt displeased with his interpretation by the Moscow Art Theatre: he seemed dry, brutal, and clumsy in comparison with the delightfully impractical gentry on the stage. Yet there is no doubt that Stanislavsky sensed Chekhov's mood correctly. And so it goes all along the line—with Gorky, Andreiev, Sologub, and other pre-revolutionary Russians. It appears as though under existing conditions success spells for them compromise, adjustability, vile acquiescence. At any rate, such was the prevailing attitude before 1917, in the literature of "On the Eve." Different notes are heard to-day, in the Soviet literature of "The Morning After."

Misguided Mother Love

MOTHER'S CRY. By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNADINE K. SCHERMAN

THE intimate story of a woman's life—her engagement, her marriage, her babies, her widowhood—is bound to be fascinating. Especially when she tells it all to you with the same absence of self-consciousness from the little details that you can smile down on, like her tasseled piano cover and the nightgown with ribbon run through

MOTHER AND CHILD
By Eric Gill. From "The Engravings of Eric Gill" (Claverdon)

the beading, to the horrible incidents that turn your stomach. She spares you nothing, from the insides of funerals to the nasty untidiness of a gangster's bedroom. It fascinates you, but it seeps your self-respect. When you have finished "Mother's Cry" you feel that you have been peeping through a keyhole, or devoting an afternoon to the *Graphic!*

It is the story of an ignorant New York woman who lets a moron of a son go so thoroughly bad by her own complete inadequacy in bringing him up, that he ends by killing his sister. That the woman is genteel, and "means well," doesn't help. It makes it if anything worse. By the unwise indulgence of her maternal instincts, she piles hardships and disaster upon herself and her children—abortions, seductions, disease, murder. And all of them avoidable under intelligent guidance!

The book might well be placed in the hands of social workers or parent educators—if they are strong-minded enough not to be beguiled by the author's sentimentality. For it gives what is undoubtedly a sure formula for making a criminal, and one that is probably common: hide the child's lies and thefts so that his father won't punish him, give in to him when he threatens, overlook his obscene nastiness so that he won't make scenes, welcome him into a house where there are three other young people when he is thoroughly diseased and pretend not to recognize the nature or dangers of the disease, toil for his feeble-minded wife and encourage her to have a baby! The vital flaw is that the mother, completely anti-social in character, is so depicted as to appeal to the reader's sympathies. She reaps her just desserts, but you fear that the author is patting her head and saying "there, there!"

As a piece of writing, the book is clever, done entirely from the mother's point of view and in her own vernacular. In spite of its false philosophy, it is a story of absorbing interest.

Man Who Found Himself

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF. By OSBERT SITWELL. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

IF a novel is a story packed with incident, in which plot unfolds and character develops through dialogue and action, then this is no novel. For it is as much essay as it is romance, as much travel book as it is tale, as much morality as it is fiction. But if a novel is a tapestry of thought and emotion, a portrayal of adventures of the soul, then this is precisely that "novel of reasoned action" which its author proclaims it, and a novel interesting beyond the customary output of fiction. It is a book which the many will probably ignore, the few rejoice in mightily. For it will be dull to those who demand of a tale that it be brisk, factual, and lively, while for those who find fascination in the intangible processes and the subtle influences that make or transform character it will be charged with excitement.

It would, however, be doing Mr. Sitwell an injustice to suggest that he has not the fullest control over his medium. Indeed, his novel is constructed with the most consummate skill, moving on from the adolescence of his hero through his young manhood and his elderly years to his death, and knitting the experiences of his earlier life into those of his later with ingenious and convincing art. If Mr. Sitwell's chronicle of the deterioration of a poet's mind and character under the influence of unsatisfied affection is discursive it is not haphazard; every effect flows plausibly from a cause and every one of its few incidents is nicely articulated to the others. That he chooses to devote a large number of his pages to descriptions of Spain as vivid and personalized as any travel sketch that Mr. Aldous Huxley has produced, that he expends others in diatribe against America as sharp and as extraneous to his general subject matter as Mr. Shaw's in "The Apple Cart," that he relapses on occasion into discussion of contemporary fiction and poetry that is doubtless the diversion of the Sitwells in private life, is Mr. Sitwell's deliberate choice. It is, indeed, directed to his scheme of displaying Tristram Orlander as the resultant of the "tangle of reason, unreason, and previous history" which makes the man. And, whether strictly pertinent or not, it provides a rich background for his character like that of those canvasses which the longer looked at are the more revealing; lights and shades at first blent into one upon examination take on sharp distinctions, and detail, confused at first, eventually, stands out with integrity and purpose.

Tristram Orlander is a poet, a youth gifted, brilliant, admired alike for his talents and his charm. Fortunate in his work, fortunate in his friends, in love alone he is unsuccessful. Not unsuccessful, to be sure, in winning love but in securing its consummation in marriage. For Ursula, though she loved him, would not have him, but gave herself in marriage to another. The transformation wrought by this disappointment in his mind and character constitute the burden of Mr. Sitwell's novel.

Ordered by his physicians to try the time-honored method of seeking forgetfulness for trouble in travel, Tristram goes with a friend (the narrator of the story) to Spain where weeks of living among strange scenes and persons wins him apparent recovery. Only apparently, however, has a cure been wrought, for the real Tristram, the Tristram of already brilliant achievement and still more brilliant promise is dead. In the outward shell of the old Tristram now lives something harder, less fine, less sensitive to the beautiful and worthy, a Tristram to become rich, famous, and stunted. Mr. Sitwell, greatly daring, by a device twice employed, brings his hero face to face with himself, once as the man who has lost himself, and again, in the end, as the man who has found himself. It is the triumph of his expedient that it is the second time quite as effective as the first, and in each instance an episode beautifully conceived and magnificently sustained. But throughout Mr. Sitwell follows the transformation of the personality of his hero with an insight into the complexities of the artist spirit, a delicacy and plenitude of sympathy, and an ability to project himself amaginatively into the tortured and tortuous divagations of the poet's soul that lend his narrative a rare and distinguished beauty.

His book, however, to be savored must be read. It cannot be distilled, for its essence resides in its finely

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tempered and pliant style, its delicate apperceptions, its pregnant background and profound if restrained emotion. Mr. Sitwell's is highly civilized writing, subtle, full, and purposive. And his descriptions of Spain are the acme of his art.

Coo-ee!

COONARDOO. By KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

IT was of course predictable after the novels of Henry Handel Richardson had found recognition in America that other works of Australian origin would before long see publication in this country. This particular book wears the accolade of its homeland's approval, having won a prize offered by the Sydney *Bulletin* for the best book of its year. It is a tale the special interest of which for Americans will lie in its picture of life in a part of the world remote from their own, where Anglo-Saxon customs and ideals impinge upon but do not expunge the native civilization, and where man wages perpetual battle for control with nature.

Miss Prichard has been happy in evoking the atmosphere of her scene in the opening pages of her tale. It begins admirably with its introduction of an aboriginal girl of nine, Coonardoo, pouring forth, to the accompaniment of clicking sticks, a thin, reedy song upon the night that seethes about her. Very skilfully is the child herself brought into immediate focus as the fulcrum of the story and into relation with the little white boy who, boon companion now, is eventually to become the father of her child, yet is never to be lover or husband. It is this story of Coonardoo and Hugh that binds the novel into unity, of Coonardoo who loved much, gave much, and suffered much, and of Hugh who only in a sudden moment of bereavement sought solace from her and never after forgot that she was a "gin." All else is background for their developing relations, though for a time Hugh's mother, indomitable Englishwoman that she is, usurps the scene, and again Hugh's wife becomes the center of interest.

Perhaps inevitably for the foreign reader the interest of the book rests even more in the general setting than in the individual characters. The Australian country, the cattle range itself, the aborigines who live so contentedly yet so entirely according to their own customs among the foreigners,—these it is that supply freshness and novelty to the narrative. Miss Prichard's book presents not only an Australian writer but the Australians.

Towards Heroism

HUNTSMAN IN THE SKY. By GRANVILLE TOOGOOD. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

TOGETHER with all the rest of the return, even the reaction, toward tradition, there are signs that the discursive and leisurely novel is coming back into favor. The most striking example is of course Mr. Priestley's enormous, Pickwickian "Good Companions"; there are others, among them Mr. Toogood's "Huntsman in the Sky." The latter is much less Victorian, shorter, and less rambling and crowded; but there is the same revival of a tendency that has for some time been absent from literature, a tendency to include scenes, dialogues, and reflections by the author, because they are good in themselves, not because they are closely connected with any central line of plot or character development.

Mr. Toogood's excursions are indisputably good in themselves. The scenes where his nice young men get attractively drunk, passing from profound platitudes to inspired silliness, are exactly right: the talk is better than real tipsy talk, clever enough to be delightful, but not too clever to be credible. The monstrous Victorian castle outside Philadelphia in which the hero grows up, which has after all something admirable amid its incongruous ugliness, is so presented as to evoke a whole ridiculous and great society, as does Gatherum Castle in Trollope. There are many other passages about the life of Philadelphia past and present, taken separately, one might single out for praise. In one way, all this helps the book a great deal: it gives reality; it gives the third dimension.

But too many of the alleys turn out to be blind; they mislead a reader accustomed to the tighter writing of modern novels. To take one example, there is so much talk about the social organization of Philadelphia, the demarcations, the question of whether or not money can get in in one generation, and so on, that when the leading character, Bartram, who has a grandfather, falls in love with Elaine, who has none, one naturally expects that some use will be made of the obstacle; whereas in fact Elaine refuses Bartram because she feels incapable of loving anybody, and the problem of family never arises.

These false leads pervade the whole scheme of the book. The name is explained by a fragment of Bart's childhood, related by itself on the half-title: his governess points out Orion as a great hero and he says "I will be a hero." In the first chapter he is introduced as a musician who has talent but lacks the depth necessary to great art. Evidently, then, the theme of the book is to be Bartram's progress toward heroism, toward experience, "toward salvation," as a girl who loves him puts it. Consequently, when he falls in love with Elaine, when Anne falls in love with him, when he runs over an artists' model and takes her to her flat, when it becomes apparent this his family is going to lose its money, the reader waits to see how these things will help the development of his soul. But the loss of the fortune does not come until after Bartram has written the symphony that proves his attainment; the model passes out of his life; if the other women influence him at all, their influence is hard to trace.

These instances could be multiplied. That is, the reader's expectation is slightly but consistently disappointed; and that is a dangerous game for an author to play. But though the book does not hold together, the pieces into which it falls are unusually well written, and one looks with interest for Mr. Toogood's second novel.

Filibuster and Patriot

THE LIFE OF MIRANDA. By WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by L. S. MEYER
New York University

"HE is a Don Quixote—with this difference that he is not mad." Such was the opinion the great Napoleon expressed concerning Francisco de Miranda, precursor, knight-errant, and promoter of Spanish American liberty. One could search the records of history in vain to discover a more spectacular and romantic career than that of the creole native of Caracas. If there were nothing else, his travels alone in two hemispheres would entitle a man of his origin and epoch to a unique place in history. It is no exaggeration to state that the subject of this biography met more important figures and saw more of the Old and New World than any person of his time. Not the least interesting were his contacts with the United States, begun during the American revolution while still in the service of Charles III of Spain. These profoundly influenced the course of his career. Out of his experiences in assisting the thirteen colonies to achieve independence developed a genuine interest in the destiny of the Spanish Indies and a conviction that their emancipation could be brought about only with foreign aid as in the case of the United States.

Following the close of the War for Independence we find him in this country after a short stay in Cuba, this time to escape the jurisdiction of the Court of Havana which had sentenced him to prison for conniving at illicit trade with England. He made an extended journey through the States from the Carolinas to New England, during which he met most of the prominent leaders of the new republic. His comments upon them as well as on North American manners and customs form very interesting reading and show him to have been an ardent and discriminating observer and student of men. In general, the judgments he passed were sound.

Extraordinary as this tour of the United States was for a man from his section of the world, his European travels were even more so. Professor Robertson refers to him as "the first civilized South American to travel widely on the continent." In the course of his journeys, he visited practically every European nation including England, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia, the Scandinavian countries, Prussia, and Switzerland. As in the United States, he appears to have met everyone of importance and to have captivated many by the charm of his personality and the sacred fire that flamed in his soul. Wherever he went he spread the gospel of liberty for Latin America with the result that Spanish spies constantly followed his trail. In Russia Catherine the Great took him under her expansive protection and kept him supplied with funds. He became the most-favored foreigner in her court, thereby causing "dark and scandalous rumors." Constancy to his mistress, Liberty, however caused him to leave Russia for fields that held more hope of success for his mission.

With war between England and Spain imminent in 1790 over the Nootka Sound Affair, he naturally turned his steps to England where he presented a plan for an attack on the Spanish Indies. William Pitt listened and put him on Britain's payroll. In the end, however, the crisis blew over and with its passing went the opportunity of securing immediate assistance from England. Embittered by the decision of Pitt, whom he now viewed as a "monster with no other guide than Machiavelli's Prince," Miranda sought to leave England. In 1792 he managed to cross the channel to Revolutionary France, lured by the hope that its leaders could be induced to extend their system of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" to Spanish America. But France, struggling for its existence against the onslaughts of the allies, could give him no immediate encouragement. He did, however, secure a commission as a major general in the French army and as such was soon in the midst of things, serving under Dumouriez against the invader. With the collapse of the Netherlands campaign at Neerwinden and the subsequent disloyalty of Dumouriez came days of trouble. Miranda, whose division had been routed in battle, was suspected of treason and thrown into prison. He became one of the "particular objects of Robespierre's rage" and was probably saved from a disgraceful death on the guillotine only by the overthrow of the tyrant.

When, in 1797, Spain and France entered into an offensive and defensive alliance, Miranda once again turned to England for aid in furthering his schemes. Pitt, afraid that England might lose something that Miranda was capable of bringing forward, encouraged him and gave him new cause to hope that aid might yet come from that direction. When nothing happened, Miranda, tired of being held in leash by the British, turned his thoughts first to the rising Napoleon and then to Jefferson and Madison in the United States. When he failed to actively interest any of them in his plans, he once again sought to enlist the support of England.

Because of his dealings with so many different and often hostile nations, Miranda has been subjected to charges of inconsistency. When we consider, however, his devotion to the mission which he firmly believed he was destined to fulfil, the charge of inconsistency falls. Along with an account of a man who was doctrinaire in character of mind, Professor Robertson has given us a picture of a man who was often a clever opportunist in his attitude toward nations and society. In this regard he writes:

> What he aimed to accomplish was the liberation of his native land: as an opportunist who wished above all else to promote this end, he was prepared to seek succor or encouragement from whatever nation held the best prospect of success. In this respect he resembles Christopher Columbus; for like the great Genoese, Francisco de Miranda traveled from court to court offering, though he knew it not, a New World to European nations for conquest.

The economic and political philosophy of Miranda shows the influence of Javelanos, Vattel, Montesquieu, Turgot, Locke, and Rousseau. From them he drew inspiration and justification for his attacks on the Spanish colonial system. Yet he was never a revolutionist of the Thomas Paine type. In France he was often repelled by Jacobinism and "occasionally startled" by the extremes to which the fierce spirit of democracy had carried the nation. For the Spanish colonies he did not wish the same, but rather some form of imperial republic. The author estimates him accurately when he refers to him as an "aristocratic democrat."

One of the striking characteristics of the man was the variety of his interests. The universality of his knowledge impressed itself on all whom he met.

Another outstanding trait was his persistency. Never, in spite of bitter disappointments, do we see him losing sight of his mission, even when the temptation to let it lapse in favor of a life of ease, which he might easily have had, was great. In time the liberation of the Spanish colonies became an obsession. Professor Robertson correctly concludes that it would be difficult to find in the chronicle of filibusters

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or revolutionists a perseverance excelling that possessed by this Venezuelan patriot. In spite of this rare quality which in leaders like Washington, William of Orange, and Bolivar, ultimately brought them success, Miranda's life ended in tragic misery. To a considerable extent his failure was due to faults of character, especially his visionary and doctrinaire type of mind which worked far more successfully when plotting splendid schemes on paper than when engaged in solving practical problems.

In writing this fascinating biography Professor Robertson has drawn heavily on the sixty-three unedited volumes of the Miranda papers which he located in 1922 at Cirencester, Gloucester, the residence of the present Earl of Bathurst. The discovery of these long lost papers has made it possible for him to write an account of this unique character with some degree of completeness. For the first time we are given exact information on several mooted points, such as Miranda's financial affairs, his relations with Pitt, Jefferson, Madison, and others. The picture of the Venezuelan patriot that he portrays is historically accurate and the most complete yet presented. It will undoubtedly take its place among the best biographies produced by American scholarship in recent years.

In one respect the author differs radically from the majority of present-day biographers. He is far more concerned with his subject's rôle in history than with his private life. His amorous adventures, of which there were many, are scarcely referred to. Occasionally he hints at scandal, as in the relations between Miranda and Catherine the Great, but seldom does he give us more than a mere glimpse of this side of his hero's character. It is also refreshing to find a biography in which no effort is made to psychoanalyze the subject, no attempt to connect every action in a long, romantic, and eventful career to some peculiar complex developed as a child. The work will do much to enhance the reputation for historical scholarship that the author already enjoys in the Latin American field.

The "Life of Miranda" appears in two volumes most attractively printed and bound and illustrated with over thirty exceptionally fine portraits of Miranda and many of the world figures he encountered in the course of his remarkable career.

Hoboken Nights

BORN IN A BEER GARDEN OR, SHE TROUPES TO CONQUER. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, CLEON THROCKMORTON, and OGDEN NASH. Foundy Press: R. C. Rimington at No. 1 West 67th Street, New York. 1930.

THAT high-spirited adventure which last winter unexpectedly converted Hoboken from a time-honored jest of the stage into the cynosure of the theatrical world comes alive in its infectious gay humor, its intimacy of relation between producers and audience, and its private enjoyment of its success in this handsomely made volume which its organizers have put forth to enshrine its history. Here under a binding which happily conveys in its combination of homely blue-and-white check and hilarious illustration the twofold aspects of his playhouse, Mr. Morley recites the spectacular career of the Old Rialto Theatre under the management of himself and his associates, and Mr. Throckmorton recounts some of the devious devices by which ingenuity met the challenge of necessity when scenery had to be created out of an empty treasury, while Mr. Nash presents the adventures of a backstage reporter among the Amazons and Quakers of "The Black Crook" when "father's forbidden favorite" was produced on the boards of a second theatre, the Lyric.

Those who saw "After Dark" and "The Black Crook" will realize how accurately as well as amusingly the "embellishments" that illustrate the text carry out the spirit of the performances, and how completely the advertisements, here reprinted from the New York *World*, expressed the mood that conceived the theatrical venture. For the sake of the public as well as the producers it is to be hoped that the Hoboken Theatrical Company, though for the nonce it sees its audiences restored to gingham instead of fur coats and dinner jackets, will again "troupe to conquer." Not only its patrons but collectors in general should find in this chronicle of its experiment an item well worth the possessing, for "Born in a Beer Garden" is a charming piece of bookmaking as well as a lively and enlivening chapter of theatrical history.

The BOWLING GREEN

Blue China

IT'S only the thinking about it beforehand that is tedious; the actual writing is great fun. All morning I had been commiserating myself because I would have to write this on the train; and now, sitting in one of those delightful and almost-empty B & O smokers, I am enjoying it. Years ago I began my modest (and unsubsidized) campaign to convince New Yorkers that the way to go to Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington was by the Jersey City routes, but thank goodness they didn't pay any attention, and the smokers and dining cars are still uncrowded. The Max Beerbohm Special we used to call one of the New Jersey Central trains to Philly, because there were usually only Seven Men in the smoker. (I find a surprisingly large number of people who have never read that book of Max's.) To a Long Island commuter, finding a smoker with hardly anyone in it seems like a fairy-tale.

When I say smoker, of course I mean the day-coach, with smooth leather seats. I have no use for Pullmans, unless you can afford a "drawing room." How grievous are the plush chairs that feel like the back of your head just after a hair-cut. I am always for extremes. Just as in religion I would be either a Quaker or a full-blooded Papist (surely religion isn't anything to be rational about?) so on a train I prefer either the humble day-coach smoker or a luxurious private compartment.

* * *

I saw a newspaper item the other day saying that Primo de Rivera, former dictator of Spain, was traveling incognito in France under the name of the Duke of Montgomery. . . . I pause here for an instant, realizing that we are just passing Neshaminy Falls. I don't suppose you ever heard of it, but it is to me a place of happy memory. Titania and I had a picnic there all by ourselves one time, and I wrote a piece about it which even got printed in a book . . . why Primo chose that name I can't imagine; I feel that I have more right to it than he, for I was born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, among all those nice Welch place-names. And as I came down Liberty Street about lunch time, on my way to the ferry, I felt that I also had that happiness that lies in an incognito voyage. I thought of myself as the Duke of Montgomery, deposed from a castle in Spain (what is the opposite of a grandee? A minimee?) and out to see what things look like. It was a bright noonday, last night's sleet was thawing, and the sun-and-shadow chequer under the L was all a flicker of falling drops, a veil of wavering sparkle. I walked on the south side of Liberty Street because I remembered once having known an excellent speakeasy there, with a green door. I felt that after a busy morning, and to celebrate a journey, the Duke of Montgomery might well have relished a small glass of dry sherry before lunch. That speakeasy had apparently vanished, but I discovered instead a building called INNS OF COURT which had an unexpectedly English sound; as I am always startled to see, at Brooklyn Bridge, elevated trains marked KING'S HIGHWAY.

* * *

I got aboard the ferryboat *Wilkes-Barre*. It was Thursday, always (I don't know why) a peaceful sort of day. I had my shoes shined by a kneeling minion (again that ducal feeling.) The ferry nested quietly in her slip for some minutes, like a squatting hen. A few passengers strolled leisurely aboard. No one hurried. The streets were calm—in fact at that time most of the office population are in the telephone booths. The first thing young women do when they get out for the lunch hour is flit into a booth and begin making dates for the evening. Life is very full of excitement, and you would be wrong to forget it. It is to deal with the enormous down-town fever of lunch-time phoning that the booths have now all been equipped with dials.

The *Wilkes-Barre* seethed her way out into the river. In the distance I could see the modest spire of the Piazza San Lackawanna in Hoboken, and the *Leviathan's* three huge funnels looming over our ancient Foundry. The only important traffic we passed was a barge of freight-cars, one of which bore the legend CANADA DRY. This made me think what a blessing the revived ginger ale industry must have been to the makers of gold foil. No bottle of ginger ale would dare look a jobber in the face nowadays unless it had a gold collar on its neck, like a Lord Mayor.

Primo de Rivera, by the way, has had his connections with literature. It was he, I believe, who banished Unamuno from Spain—the Unamuno who wrote "The Tragic Sense of Life" and many fine essays. Unamuno has long been one of my trump cards; you can lead him in almost any literary gathering and not find anyone who has read him. And now Primo is "out on the hoof with nothing but scarcity," as the line in *The Blue and the Gray* said, and Professor Unamuno has returned to Salamanca. By the way, I thought that was a gorgeous pun in Mr. Adams' column in *The World* this morning: someone wrote from Spain that "Spanish wine and women are a snare Andalusian."

Alongside the Liberty Street ferry slip are the piers of the Great White Fleet, where the United Fruit steamers are berthed; and I remembered how in the old days Endymion and I used to go down to lunch aboard those ships with McFee and the well-loved Dr. Walker. Dr. Walker has been dead these several years, but I had a surprising reminder of him the other day in Bogota, New Jersey. My host brought out a little chaser-glass with a pleasant grape-pattern frosted on it. He said that Dr. Walker had given it to him as a souvenir of one of those ship-lunches. It was a glass that the Doctor had been drinking from in a pub in some Caribean port when a fight broke out. The Doctor, not looking for trouble, walked out quietly, carrying the glass with him as he had not finished his drink. It was good to meet that unexpected memory of our old wily Ulysses in a quiet suburban household. My host filled the little crystal with some extraordinary nectar he had jugged up years ago from a still in Virginia; we drank John Walker's memory.

* * *

The air of the river was brisk, and the lunch counter in the Jersey City station was a temptation; but I had vowed to wait for the dining car on the 1:30 train—the National Limited, it calls itself. I was glad I did, for not only is the 85-cent plate lunch of the B & O, served in one of those amusingly subdivided platters, adequate for any midday appetite, but also I made my first acquaintance with the famous Blue China with which the B & O celebrated its recent centennial. Among the various literatures with which the dining-car *Catherine Greene* was supplied was a charmingly printed booklet about the Blue China, which is decorated with B & O scenery and pictures of the locomotives of various eras. To eat roast pork on blue china would have pleased Charles Lamb. When I learned that the ingenious B & O not only feeds you on these attractive dishes but actually lets you buy them afterward, I was enchanted. It happened to be a Birthday in my family, so I immediately bought a "medium platter" for one of my young women. She is only seven, so it will be plenty big enough. It is wrapped up now in the rack above my head, but I think it has on it a likeness of Harper's Ferry.

There is nothing so pleasant as giving an advertisement where it is gratuitous and unexpected; so I take pleasure in rendering this small homage to the B. & O., romantic road of my youth. It has imagination and a real sense of the poetry of travel. Its engineers rarely shake the fillings out of your teeth as do some other lines; it is, in my experience, always courteous and never crowded. It had the good sense to pick out some of the loveliest scenery in America to travel through; and best of all for the meditative rambler it begins with a ferry ride.

I noticed that the two Pullmans I passed through on the way to the diner were called *Helianthus* and *Portulaca*. There are a lot more up ahead, and I have a real curiosity to know what they are called; but I am very comfortable here in the last car. J'y suis, j'y reste. There is a color and foreboding of spring upon these soft country slopes. We have left Wilmington already, and I shall renew my acquaintance with the names of stations I had forgotten to remember. And presently comes Mount Royal Station, Baltimore—one of the most romantic railroad stations in the world.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Herr Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" has been banned in Thuringia, where an energetic campaign has set in by the Fascist Minister, who declares that he desires to end "the pestiferous system of pacifist and Marxist propaganda."

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The League and the Underdog

AT the tenth Assembly of the League of Nations held last September the so-called Draft Convention for Financial Assistance received some preliminary discussion. It is now under further consideration by Committees of the League in preparation for its being brought up again at a later date. Yet the public pays little heed. It may be that the title of this proposal arouses no expectation of anything which could have interest for the generality. But whatever the reason may be, the prospect has received remarkably less attention from the Press than its signal importance deserves. For it represents one of the most important practical proposals which have ever come before the League of Nations. Let me, therefore, try to explain what it amounts to.

Since the conception of the League of Nations was first born, the question of what sanctions the League could employ whereby to enforce its decisions has been of vital importance. Yet it has been so difficult to suggest any convincing solution that there has been a natural inclination on the part of friends of the League—a tendency which is reflected in the terms of the Covenant itself—to push into the background this issue of how, in the last resort, the League is to enforce its will.

Some have thought that the formation of some kind of armed international force would prove, eventually, to be indispensable,—a view which has found its main adherents, I fancy, in France. The English mind has turned rather to the possibility of an economic blockade, which the other members of the League would undertake to use their authority and power to enforce against a Power whom the League had declared to be the aggressor.

The grave objections to an armed international force are quite obvious. Even apart from the recurrent expense involved in times of peace, it is difficult to suppose that the practical obstacles could be overcome. As for the economic blockade, it is open to the objection that it would involve on the part of members of the League, who might be but little concerned with the quarrel, a greater degree of belligerence than they would care to pledge themselves to in advance or to undertake when the time came. For in modern conditions an economic blockade, however limited in its scope, could scarcely be enforced by purely peaceful methods.

Now the great virtue of the Draft Convention for Financial Assistance is that it turns away from negative remedies to positive remedies, and, instead of endeavoring to visit punishment on the aggressor, limits itself to giving positive assistance of a purely pacific character to the injured party. Its details run as follows.

The Project of Financial Assistance proposes that a cut and dried scheme should be drawn up beforehand whereby the Council of the League would have power and authority to offer foreign financial resources with the least possible delay to the party in a dispute which it considered to be the aggrieved party. It is an essential of the proposal that the lines on which this financial assistance is to be given should be drawn up in the most definite possible manner beforehand, so that there would be no necessity to enter into negotiations with the several guaranteeing parties when a dispute was already on the horizon, and no doubts or unnecessary delays in according the actual assistance.

The project lays it down, therefore, that the Council of the League shall be given authority to issue an International Loan in the leading money markets of the world, guaranteed by the members of the League who enter into the scheme (for it is not necessary to the project that every member of the League should participate in it), in proportion to their normal contributions to the League. In order to add further to the financial security of the loan it is suggested that, in addition to the guarantees of the participant members of the League, each of which would be limited to a certain percentage of the loan, there should also be an over-riding guarantee given by the financially stronger members, each for a certain quota, so that in the event of any of the financially weaker members of the League defaulting in their guarantee the financially stronger countries would take over the liability. The League Loan would therefore have, first of all, the guarantee of the borrowing party; behind this the guarantee of the various members of the League participating in the Convention; and finally, in the event of emergency, an over-riding guarantee on the part of the financially strong countries. Unquestionably, therefore, the loans to be issued would be of first-class character and capable of being floated at a reasonable price even in a disturbed atmosphere.

All this having been arranged beforehand—every party to the project having agreed as to what his quota should be, and the actual form of the necessary legal documents having been drawn up down to the last word so that the Loan could be launched immediately upon the Council coming to a decision—the Council of the League is then to have absolute discretion to afford this assistance not only in the actual event of war, but (to quote the actual phrase) "the financial assistance provided by the present Convention shall be given in any case of war or threat of war in which the Council of the League of Nations decides that, as a measure to restore or safeguard the peace of nations, such assistance shall be accorded to a high contracting party involved in the war or threat of war." That is to say, the contingency in which financial assistance can be granted is not linked up with any of the clauses of the Covenant, nor with any definite criteria of aggression such as were drafted in the ill-fated Protocol. The present proposal is of a wider character. Very general discretion is given to the Council to afford financial assistance to any aggrieved party under threat of war, to whom it thinks it appropriate to give it.

* * *

The main weakness of the scheme is to be found in a feature which is, I suppose, inevitable at the present stage of evolution of the whole working of the League of Nations; namely, in the provision that financial assistance can only be accorded by the Council by a unanimous vote, that is to say, unanimous apart from the parties actively interested in the dispute. From the practical point of view it would clearly be much better if such assistance could be afforded by some substantial majority, such as a two-thirds majority. For with international politics as they now are, there can never be a certainty that the parties who are actively concerned in the dispute may not have friends on the Council who may be secondarily interested and will use their position to obstruct action. Regarded as a first step, however, I daresay that the requirement of a unanimous vote may be wise, though the value of the scheme would be materially greater if action could be taken in response to a preponderating, though not unanimous, balance of world opinion.

The Draft Convention does not mention a specific figure for the amount of financial assistance up to which the Council is to have these discretionary powers. That is to be settled at a later stage. But evidently it will not be worth while to set up an elaborate machinery of the kind proposed unless some fairly substantial sum is in view. Let us discuss it on the basis of the maximum sum, disposable by the Council of the League under this Convention, being of the order of £50,000,000, or $250,000,000. As we will show in a moment, this would be for practical purposes a very large sum indeed. But the actual burden which it might throw on any contributory guarantor would be extremely moderate. At 6% (for interest and sinking fund) the annual service on £50,000,000 would be £3,000,000 altogether; but even in the event of the recipient countries' defaulting for the whole amount, the burden would be divided between a large number of countries—so that the actual annual amount which, at the worst, a country would have to provide which was a one-tenth contributor would amount to no more than £300,000 a year, a very trifling sum for a Great Power, if the provision of it is capable of making a serious difference to the prospects of war and peace. On the other hand, £50,000,000 is a very large sum indeed—I should expect that much less would be required in any ordinary circumstances—in relation to the contingencies of anything but a very great and prolonged war. Let me illustrate this by a figure which may be unfamiliar and surprising to most people, but which is, I think, convincing.

The whole of the amount borrowed by Great Britain during the late war in neutral countries—that is to say, elsewhere than in the U. S.—amounted from first to last to no more than £42,000,000. This was the aggregate of the whole amount of the loans which by all her efforts Great Britain was able to borrow in the neutral countries of Europe and elsewhere.

It is easy from this to appreciate the magnitude and the reality of the help which a provision of £50,000,000 would mean to any minor country which was threatened by war. Indeed, I venture to say that in many cases the possibility of such assistance would have a decisive effect and would compel the aggressor to bow to the will of the League of Nations.

AS between great powers, it is probably necessary to admit the impossibility of using to much purpose any weapons of this kind, or indeed any other kind of sanction whatever. For the prevention of war between Great Powers we must depend mainly, or entirely, upon moral forces and forces of opinion of a different kind altogether. But whenever there is a possibility of hostilities between Powers not of the first magnitude, the expectation of the Council of the League affording assistance on even a fraction of the scale suggested above might almost settle the matter. It would only be in cases in which the aggressor could overwhelm its victim by a sudden onrush, before there was time for any financial assistance to take effect, that this weapon would be of insufficient avail. Apart from such a contingency, a country of secondary size which could rely upon assistance of this magnitude would be at an overwhelming advantage as compared with a country which could not, and whose credit in the money markets of the world would be greatly diminished by the mere fact of the Council of the League having declared against it.

As between Balkan countries, for example, or minor Asiatic Powers, the authority which a weapon of this kind would give to the Council of the League would be overwhelming. In the case of disputes in South America, it would probably be imprudent for the Council to take any action without the approval, or at least the acquiescence, of the United States. But this is equally the case in any dispute between South American Powers. The difficulties of the position of the League of Nations in South America *vis-à-vis* the United States are in no way aggravated or further complicated by the Project of Financial Assistance.

The proposal is therefore an extraordinarily effective way of giving greater reality to the decisions of the League. It elevates them into an atmosphere of actuality which they cannot possess so long as it is a mere question of disapproval and indefinite sanctions. It is, indeed, an immensely better way of bringing the force of the League to bear than by any such schemes as an international army or air force, or by any kind of blockade, or by any embargoes, or other discriminatory action against the aggressor. It is more spectacular. It is more practically useful to the aggrieved party. I can hardly imagine one of two minor Powers really proceeding to hostilities against the other if it knew that this other was to receive financial backing on the scale proposed. Yet it is a weapon which can be put into the hands of the League at the risk of an exceedingly moderate expenditure on the part of those coming forward to contribute. Mr. Rockefeller himself could put up the whole amount without feeling it. The cost is not of an order or magnitude which ought to influence for a moment any of the Great Powers. Indeed, those of them who have the cause of peace at heart could well afford to take more than their strict quota. I recommend this scheme of financial assistance, therefore, as one of the most solid proposals for the maintenance of peace that has been made for many years.

It is, as I have said, a more solid and important proposal than uninstructed public opinion believes it to be. For there is a general principle of war finance which is seldom fully appreciated—namely,

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by John Maynard Keynes

that during a war a country must, apart from foreign assistance, maintain itself and its armaments almost entirely out of the current output of its labor during the actual period of the war. It is this which gives such extraordinary importance to the assurance of having foreign financial assistance in liquid form. Illusions as to the possibility of a country living during a war on its accumulated wealth and using up the resources which it has acquired from its past savings often lead men to overlook this. Yet, apart from foreign investments which can be sold, there is very little indeed of the accumulated wealth of the country which it can use for the purposes of war.

We often speak of a country mobilizing its wealth for purposes of war. This is perfectly correct if we mean by mobilization of wealth the disposal of a country's current productive forces so as to make them efficient for war purposes. But if it be taken to mean the utilization of the actual accumulations of the past in order to meet current expenses, then it contains a surprisingly small amount of truth. Fortunately, perhaps, a country which is at war cannot ruin itself to the extent that it would be willing to if it were able. For the accumulated wealth of the world consists mainly in buildings, railways, roads, drainage, cultivated fields, ditches, and hedges; and very few of these things can be dissipated during a war. A country can refrain from keeping them in good repair, or can let them deteriorate a little faster than they would in peace time, but that is all. The actual liquid stocks of goods that exist in a country in the form of copper or any other important raw material are generally very small, equal at the utmost to a few weeks' normal consumption, and very little relief can be obtained merely by drawing upon these resources. Consequently, the only surplus which a country has for war is, broadly speaking, the surplus of its own current production over its own unavoidable consumption for other than war purposes, *plus* what it can borrow abroad. It is extraordinary, as we know from the experience of the late war, what an enormous productive activity a people is capable of developing compared with ordinary times, and it is by means of this extraordinary activity that the bulk of the services of war are furnished. But there will always be certain raw materials, food and other necessary imports, which cannot be supplied in this way. It is therefore its foreign finance which can involve a country at war in real difficulties. It may be that the proportionate amount of the total expense of the war which has to be raised abroad is not very large, but it is a very vital amount. In the case of Great Britain during the late war something like six-sevenths of the expenditure was raised by the country during the course of the war mainly by its own current economic activity, and something like one-seventh was borrowed abroad in one way or another.

But that one-seventh was indispensable;—so indispensable that it was rather strange to one connected as I was with the British Treasury that the acuteness of this problem of foreign finance should not have been more vivid to the imaginations of our enemies. There was a period in December, 1916, a few months before America came into the war, when the British Treasury was in sight of the very gravest embarrassment. The Munitions program which had been ordered in the summer of 1916 had to be paid for, and an aggravation of circumstances was causing a terrifying drain on the foreign resources of the British Treasury. There was a moment in December, 1916, when it looked as if our resources would be exhausted. The balances of the British Treasury in New York had fallen to a point, at one time, when they would only have met our requirements for a few days more. Further resources were mobilized, the drain fell off for the time being, and the trouble was surmounted. But when one comes to read the memoirs of that period from the German side it becomes clear that our extreme financial embarrassment at that date was totally unknown to the other belligerents; though surely, without any special knowledge, they might well have imagined it. The financial collapse of Great Britain in the spring of 1917 would have been extraordinarily serious, particularly in its reaction on the position of the many allies whom we were then supporting. As it turned out, the financial problem was completely solved by the entry of the United States into the war in the spring of 1917. But by that time we had collected practically our final reserves for foreign use, and were so near to the end of our resources that it was necessary to obtain an emergency advance within a few hours of the entry of the United States into the war. Thus, from the point of view of the allies, the financial assistance obtained from the United States in the spring of 1917 was indispensable. Yet, extraordinary as it may seem, so far as I have been able to discover the German Government attached no particular importance to the financial significance of America's coming in. When the German authorities were considering whether or not it would be wise to introduce unrestricted U-Boat warfare, the memoirs of the day show that they were well aware of running a serious risk, if not almost a certainty, of bringing the United States into the war. Various aspects of that contingency they weighed, but—so far as one can judge from the memoirs—there was not one of those in the high counsels of Germany to whom it had occurred as a possibility that the British Treasury might be experiencing acute financial difficulty; that the whole network of alliances might be jeopardized by these financial difficulties; but that all such difficulty would come to an end at once as the result of the intervention of the United States.

This under-estimation of financial influences in war has not only often been made in the past, but is, I think, still common. It is probably this under-estimation of the importance to belligerents of foreign financial resources which has caused so little attention to be given to the Draft Convention for Financial Assistance. But it is a project, on the support of which all lovers of peace should concentrate their forces.

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John Maynard Keynes, author of the foregoing article, was principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference and Deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council. His book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," published in 1919, *created a sensation in both England and America, being read by a public quite unhabituated to works of the kind as well as by students of economics and finance. Among more recent volumes from Mr. Keynes's pen are: "A Treatise of Probability," "A Revision of the Treaty," "A Tract on Momentary Reform," and "The End of Laissez-Faire." Harcourt, Brace & Co. will issue sometime within the next months a volume by him entitled "A Treatise on Money."*

In the recent death of Major George Haven Putnam the American publishing world suffered the loss of its most venerable figure and one of its most venerated members. Born in London, where his father had gone on business for the publishing firm he had founded, and educated in German universities, he was still abroad when the Civil War broke out. He returned at once to the United States and enlisted with the 176th New York Volunteers with whom he served till his capture by the Confederates in 1865. Thenceforth to the end of the war he was confined in Confederate prisons. After the conclusion of hostilities he returned to New York and entered his father's publishing house; with it he remained actively associated almost to the day of his death. As a publisher one of his notable contributions to his profession was his successful fight for the passage of the International Copyright Law. Major Putnam was the founder of the English Speaking Union, in connection with which he raised funds for the establishment of a chair of American History at the University of London. He was an active worker in municipal politics, a contributor to technical journals and encyclopædias, and the author of a number of books. Among his better-known works are "Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages," "Memories of My Youth," and "Some Memories of the Civil War."

Our Imperial Task

THE IMPERIAL DOLLAR. By HIRAM MOTHERWELL. New York: Brestano's. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BINKLEY

MR. MOTHERWELL reviews American world policies from the standpoint of one who believes that American participation in the World War is only an incident which helped to change the international position of the United States by bringing about the full utilization of the machine and stimulating the creation of an expert surplus of fourteen billion dollars. The author is in the habit of seeing things in broad perspective. As a newspaper correspondent he studied the Communist experiment in Russia and the Fascist experiment in Italy. He likes to construct great political air castles; he is the man who has propagated the idea of an Empire of Latins to be ruled by Mussolini as Emperor. Unembarrassed by any kind of provincialism, and well fortified with statistics from the Department of Commerce and with analogies from Tenney Frank's histories of Imperial Rome, he develops a thesis intended to explain America's march toward World Empire.

Just as Frederick Turner explained the rise of an American civilization as a product of the frontier, so Motherwell explains the rise of an American empire made by the machine, and manifested in the movement from debtor status to creditor status. Debtor psychology is isolationist; creditor psychology is interventionist. The debtor farmer wants to be let alone, to pay off his debt and to acquire the adjoining farm; a nation of debtor farmers is likewise opposed to intervention by one country in the affairs of another, and desirous of expansion in a national sense. The creditor nation, on the other hand, is no longer anxious to expand by acquiring and peopling unoccupied territories; it seeks rather to exercise in foreign countries just that minimum of influence which will serve to preserve its interests and investments. It has been the misfortune of America to bring a debtor attitude to the solution of creditor problems, to treat nationalistically matters which are really imperial, and to run an empire without an imperial technique. Our methods in the Caribbean have been clumsy and ill-advised, because we have not known how to keep our influence in the background, reserving our interposition for the minimal essentials. Our methods of dealing with Europe since the war have begun to display a more finished technique. "The Imperial Dawes Plan" was "America's first intervention in Europe as a whole, as distinguished from her two interventions in Europe's internal quarrels."

* * *

The constant increase of American investments abroad gives us not only a means of interfering in the affairs of other countries, but an interest in such interference. Our interests are always on the side of peace and stability, because disorder destroys the buying power of our customers. "The characteristic of national sovereignty is the power to declare war. The characteristic of imperial sovereignty is the power to impose peace." Thus does Motherwell lay our imperial task before us, in a book which for spirit and stimulating thought leaves nothing to be desired.

Let us have more books on this theme. We need them. The lack of a definitive interpretation of the causes of our entry into the World War, and the absence of an adequate explanation of the nature of our interest in world affairs haunts our foreign policy, even under its present vigorous leadership. It leaves constantly open to doubt the probability of our assuming any responsibility under the Kellogg Pact, and drives us to such gestures as the note on Manchuria. The zeal of the historians who have labored to take the bitterness out of the war guilt question will not be misplaced if it is now directed to clearing up the confusion surrounding American foreign policy, thus preparing an era of enlightenment in which Americans will no longer insist on formulating every international question as an issue between isolation more or less splendid and alliances more or less entangling.

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Books of Special Interest

Russia under the Soviets

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE TCHEKA. By BORIS CEDERHOLM. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $4.

SOVIET RULE IN RUSSIA. By WALTER RUSSELL BATSELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $7.50.

COLLECTED WORKS. Vol. IV. The Iska Period, 1900-1902. By W. I. LENIN. New York: International Publishers. 1929. 2 vols. $4.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN
Foreign Policy Association

APPRAISAL of the results produced by any event of importance in the life of a State,—be it war, economic transformation, or political revolution,—must in the nature of things be postponed until sufficient time has elapsed to permit of proper perspective. The effectiveness of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is due largely to the detachment with which the author could view the events of 1812. No work has yet appeared, either in Russia or outside its borders, which paints a picture of the Russian Revolution on so broad a canvas and in so clear a light as to cause the onlooker to exclaim: "Yes. Thus it happened, and only thus. Here were the highlights, there the shadows. Victors and vanquished have human features. If the colors are not bright, neither are they too dark."

In the meantime we must be content to view Russia's profound political and economic transformation through the fragmentary accounts of men who have been directly affected by it, either as victims or "observers." Mr. Cederholm, a Finnish citizen who went to Russia in 1923 as representative of a South American firm engaged in exporting materials used for tanning, was arrested in 1924 on a trumped-up charge of dealing in contraband of war, and was detained by the dread G. P. U. (State political administration) in various prisons until 1926, when he was finally released at the instance of the Finnish Government. He gives a vivid and frequently gruesome account of the manner in which so-called trials are held in Russia, of prison conditions, and of the situation which exists in the concentration camp on the Solovetsky Islands in the White Sea, from which few prisoners have been known to return. His book forms an interesting pendant to "Escape," by Francesco Fausto Nitti, which depicts the life of Italian political prisoners on the island of Lipari.

If it might be said that Mr. Cederholm's experiences have colored his opinion of the Soviet Government, the same could hardly be said, at first glance, of Mr. Batsell's monumental work, published under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College. This book might have been expected to fill a longfelt need for an impartial study of the structure and working of the Soviet Government. Mr. Batsell, however, has not profited by his opportunity. True, he was faced by the difficult task of collecting, assimilating and analyzing a mass of material, most of which is available only in Russian. He undertook, in addition, to translate and publish a number of the documents alluded to in the text. As a result, however, the volume is unwieldy, and the interpretative text appears as so many oases in the midst of desert stretches of documentation. Such an organization might be justified by the plea that the book is intended for the use of scholars, and not for the general public. This plea, however, can not be supported by the text itself.

Mr. Batsell makes no attempt to discuss the theory of Marx as amplified and adapted to Russian needs by Lenin until one of his last chapters; logically, as well as historically, such a chapter should precede an analysis of the structure of the Soviet Government. He likewise fails to emphasize the overwhelming interest of the Soviet Government in economic facts and theories,—an interest which explains to a large extent its indifference to political forms. Finally, the value of the book is considerably diminished by the turgidity and unevenness of the style in which it is written.

A scholar who would seek to evaluate the achievements of the Soviet Government must turn, in the first place, to the works of Lenin, the master-builder of Communism in Russia. Several volumes of his collected works have already been made available in an English translation which is based on the text authorized by the Lenin Institute. The volume under review contains various articles contributed by Lenin to *Iskra* and *Zarya*, organs of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, during the formative years 1900-1902. In these articles Lenin reveals himself as the determined leader of a small group of men which was to form the nucleus of the Soviet Government, and as a firm opponent of any tendency towards "revisionism." The Social-Democratic party, he claimed, must remain a party of "the social revolution," and must under no circumstances be transformed into "a democratic party of social reform." As early as the beginning of the century he foresaw the need of establishing a partnership between city workmen and the rural population. The workmen, he believed, should support the peasants in their struggle for emanicipation from capitalism. "This support," he said in words which are still true today, "should take the form . . . *of bringing the class war to the countryside.*" The active revolutionary forces should, however, be directed to the cities and industrial centres, which would be focal points of the revolution. In the pamphlet "What is to be done?" the most significant single document published by him during this period, Lenin set forth the economic theories which he was to put later into practice: electrification, collectivization, and the introduction of agricultural machinery. Ceaselessly he reiterates his conviction that revolutionary theory must always be in advance of revolutionary practice, which, in turn, is to transmute words into living facts.

An Anecdotal Biography

DANIEL WEBSTER. By ALLAN L. BENSON. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

"THIS book never would have been written," Mr. Benson tells us, "had it not been for an admiration for the character of Webster that was conceived by the author when, fifty years ago, he was a small boy in a country school in the Middle West. It seemed to the small boys of those days almost as if the school readers had been written by Daniel Webster." Mr. Benson's pages exude admiration, and a good deal is made of Webster's speeches. When to these characteristics are added a wealth of anecdote and picturesque details, and a treatment of public questions slight in comparison with what is accorded to personal matters, the general nature of the book has been fairly indicated.

The generally eulogistic tone of the narrative, and the pains that are taken to defend Webster against the familiar accusations of excessive drinking and looseness in money matters, suggest that Mr. Benson has felt that Webster's reputation needed rehabilitation. There was certainly need of a new biography, less formal than that of Curtis and better balanced than that of Lodge, but while Mr. Benson has written a book which is informing as well as entaining on the merely human side, his pages offer little that the serious student of American history will value. Webster was a great orator, and in that field his fame is secure. He had an immense influence in forming the popular view of the nature of the Union, and some very important diplomatic business fell to his hands. Many of the positions which he assumed toward public questions, however, as well as the legal and constitutional views which he so brilliantly expounded, call now for re-examination, and at these points Mr. Benson does not afford much help. The legal doctrine of the Dartmouth College case, for example, has been much modified by subsequent judicial decisions, and the theory which was elaborated in the "great debate" with Hayne was better as politics than it was as history. Mr. Benson is on surer ground in defending Webster's attitude toward slavery in the seventh of March speech, but he did not need to bolster his case by denouncing the abolitionists, or asking, after quoting at length Whittier's "rhymed fling" in the poem "Ichabod," "how many men of the present day would care to be judged by an old Quaker like Whittier."

The best parts of the book are those in which Mr. Benson sketches Webster's youth and early career and generously excuses his dissipation as in accord with the social habits of the time. Any one who is minded to write a monograph on the drinkers who made the nation will find much in Webster's activities to enlighten him. It was Webster's fate to be, like Charles II, an unconscionable time dying, and Mr. Benson's account of the last days and hours is equally long drawn out.

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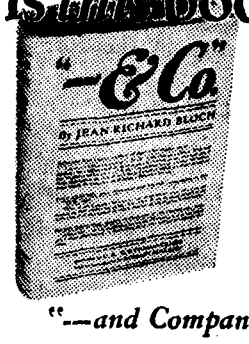

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Foreign Literature

Mexican Militarism

LA SOMBRA DEL CAUDILLO. By MARTÍN LUÍS GUZMÁN. Madrid: Espasa-Calpe. 1929.
DE MI VIDA. By RODOLFO REYES. Madrid: Biblioteca Nueva. 1929.
LA REVOLUCION MEJICANA. By LUÍS ARIQUISTAIN. Madrid: Biblioteca del Hombre Moderno. 1929.
EN EL VERTIGO DE LA REVOLUCION MEXICANA. By ALFONSO TARACENA. Mexico: Editorial Bolívar. 1929.
VOCES DE COMBATE. By ALESSIO ROBLES. Mexico: Manuel León Sanchez. 1929.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

ALREADY, the centenary of the birth of the great Mexican dictator, Porfírio Díaz—to be celebrated this year—has stimulated numerous books, pamphlets, and articles in Mexico and abroad, both on Díaz and the revolution which has rattled over the land since his tumble from power. After twenty years of civil strife, the figure of the half-Indian *caudillo*, who imposed his will upon the destinies of Mexico for thirty odd years of enforced peace, begins to take on truer dimensions. When the dictator embarked for Vera Cruz, never to return, he is reported to have said: "They have unleashed the wild beasts. We shall see who will tame them again."

During these past two decades many have tried lion-taming, but nearly all have gone down to tragic graves: Madero, Huerta, Carranza, Villa, Zapata, Obregón, to mention only the supermen. Leader after leader has been swept on the crest of the revolutionary tidal wave; the outlines of Mexican society have been considerably altered; the Indian and the peasant have been honored with fulsome words, magnificent laws, and occasionally helped by deeds. Yet political and military practices, in most respects, have remained as debased as in the days of Santa Anna: among most of the revolutionary *caudillos*, the same loot and egomaniacal spirit has reigned supreme. Most of the military ringmasters, in the name of "Land and Liberty," have imitated without equaling, the tyrannical practices of Díaz, including the timely use of the firing squad. Had any single one of them possessed the ruthless will, the unflagging cleverness, or the enlightenment of Díaz, they might have held the storm-tossed ship of state to the course demanded by their pretended ideals. Many important and even beneficent things have been accomplished in Mexico, but with the exception of Calles and a few others, these accomplishments occurred more in spite of those in power and the existing system than because of true leadership or the methods in vogue.

Increasingly, however, the Mexican students of contemporary affairs are beginning to husk off the chaff and get down to the kernel of events. Revolutionary sophistry is being pierced. The more capable writers are sloughing off their sentimentalism and their fear, and are freeing themselves from dependence on political favors which long made it impossible for them to analyze the situation of their country accurately. A courageous impartiality begins to emerge. It takes stamina to put the blade to one's own throat as some recent writers have done. But in so doing they have discovered also a clear, unaffected prose, completely divorced from the colonial Góngora influence and from the rococo French writing of the Díaz epoch.

The outstanding chronicler of contemporary military and political Mexico is Martín Luís Guzmán. He has created a new school of writing, his principal follower being Rafael Muñoz. Guzmán's latest book, "La Sombra del Caudillo," lacks some of the intimate biographical touch that animated his earlier "El Aguila y la Serpiente" (to be brought out in English by Knopf), which recounted his campaign episodes by the side of the fantastic Pancho Villa; but nevertheless this semi-fictionalized account in "La Sombra," from the standpoint of objectivity, literary construction, and conciseness, is far superior. Don Martín's present book is a synthetic, swiftly moving description of a futile Mexican revolt, probably that of Serrano in 1927. Guzmán's own revolutionary experiences, his activities as a member of the agitated national Chamber of Deputies, have been tempered by his quiet methodical life in Madrid, where he frequents the memorable *tertulia* of Valle Inclán in the Hotel Regina. His new work has unbroken texture, sureness of touch. In relentless, sculptured Mexican prose, he throws the cruel spotlight on all the treachery, the sycophancy, and corruption of generals, politicians, and labor leaders; here is oil graft, murder, plotting, the vileness of the local political and military scenes pinned down by the dagger of truth. He takes the wheels out of the clock; he passes from the façade gilded with fine words regarding the freeing of the peasants to the grimy back stairs of Mexico's political edifice.

Across his pages stride Olivier, leader of the euphoniously but inconsistently named Radical Progressive Party, an oratorical demagogue ever ready to double-cross his best friends; Axkaná, the devoted confident of the Secretary of War, capable of superior and objective understanding, but obliged, because of the revolutionary turmoil, to drift like jetsam on the fast torrent of greedy politics; Jiménez, the tricky, cold-blooded official candidate, who "no one knew how, and in spite of his terrific indictments of the landed proprietors, had just acquired the largest hacienda in the north of the Republic,"—a paradox that might be laid at the door of almost any of the actual revolutionary leaders; Protasio Leyva, the murderous Commandant of the Valley of Mexico, who gloats in killing; the puffy assassin labor leader, Ricarde, with his sumptuous residence and scandalous orgies; La Mora, the prostitute whose fierce loyalty toward the group by which she is favored shames loftier treacheries.

The power of Guzmán's delineation lies in its complete lack of moralizing. Here is a simple narration of a relentless chain of circumstances. The characters, on the whole so despicable, are illuminated with occasional searching gleams into their recondite nobler possibilities, choked from ordinary sight by their helpless enslavement to their sordid environment. Some of them are powerful men, clever men, fearless men, yet they never overleap the wall of treacherous Mexican politics. They are puppets of their debased theatre. "Mexican politics is conjugated with only one verb," declares the cynical Olivier, "rise early." Get the drop on the other fellow, be your weapon a Colt '48, a regiment of troops, or a political convention.

Ever in the background of this ignoble picture towers the majestic yet caressing landscape of Mexico, brooding sadly, wistfully, over the debasement of the children of sin who tread the land so haughtily and so stupidly. Every once in a while the glory of the gigantic volcanic setting impinges upon the blurred consciousness of the protagonists, imparting to them a fleeting, lost-soul stirring, some weak, distant beauty, harshly thrust aside from lives ill-spent.

Thus Guzmán has quite passed beyond the romanticism of the earlier raconteurs of banditry, such as Manuel Payno in his "Los Bandidos del Río Frio." "La Sombra" is charged with a grieving consciousness of some lost, yet potential, Mexican greatness, some tremendous hope undivined, a realization of social forces twisting out of mire into light. The book will easily hold its own with Valle Inclan's "Tirano Banderas," with "Facundo," and several other type novels in Latin America. Cruel as "El Militarismo Mexicano," by Blasco Ibañez, it is free from the flamboyance and maliciousness of the Spaniard, and it is better written. I doubt if Guzmán achieves the classic simplicity of Azuela's "Los de Abajo" (translated as the "Underdogs"), by E. Munguía, Jr., but he is more sophisticated, more conscious of the entire range of contemporary Mexico. His canvas is broader. The gang-war scene in the Chamber of Deputies, the final execution of Aguirre, and the fantastic tragic escape of Axkaná, are unforgettably vivid, palpitating with suspense, touched with the sanguinary majesty of d'Annunzio.

From the pitying above-the-battle position of Guzmán, in "De Mi Vida" we descend to partisan conflict of a bygone day. Rodolfo Reyes, the loyal son of General Bernardo Reyes (dictator of Coahuila under Díaz, who subsequently became a plotter against his master and against Madero), revives an old feud which has now lost much of its savor. "De Mi Vida" elevates the Caudillo Reyes much above his real capacities. His disloyal activities toward the Dictator were prompted not by deep convictions or patriotism, but by personal ambition. Reyes merely sought to capitalize the stirring sentiments of the close of the Díaz epoch for his own ends. But the book contributes first-hand knowledge to a little clarified moment in Mexican history. Its attacks upon Reyes's rival, the notable finance Minister, José Ives Limantour,—even more than the earlier Menckenesque critiques of the brilliant Díaz journalist, Francisco Bulnes—have served to stir up extended and informative controversy in the Mexican press.

Ariquistaín, the genial Socialist writer of Spain, who on a minor scale has often imitated the propaganda activities of Blasco Ibañez, has written a typical apologia for the Calles régime and its one-time labor adherents. Ariquistaín reveals lack of preparation and limited contact with the native scene. It is blurred by just that sentimental optimism which clearer sighted Mexican writers are abandoning. It is reminiscent of the less capable pro-Carranza propaganda of González Blanco.

Taracena's little volume is a mine of information regarding the end of the Díaz administration and the revolution, through 1920. Written in diary form, recording only significant incidents, it gives a running-fire account, terse, unadorned, but throbbing with actuality. In these pages one quick-steps to the whole revolutionary movement; the remote is vividly contemporary; the reader scans the headlines of each day. From the years of his youth in tropical Tabasco, the author follows the Díaz persecutions down to the whirling events of the Madero revolution. Madero, Huerta, de la Barra, Carranza, Obregón, De la Huerta, Serrano, gallop past in the tragedy of their meteoric achievements. Unexpected lights flash upon their obscure antecedents. Madero, though an ineffectual temporizer, emerges as the finest character of all. Stubborn Carranza is shown as originally wavering from camp to camp, at the outbreak of the revolution. Secretly Carranza hates the revolution, is opposed to most of the reforms of the 1917 Constitution he himself established. On the other hand, the author is duly pleased with Carranza's firmness during the Pershing expedition and the marine occupation of Vera Cruz.

The volume is not only a mine of information, but it is also stored with valuable anecdotes. Too much stress is laid upon purely military events, but Taracena's title—"En el Vertigo" is apt, for his laconic references to writers—Ruben Darío and Chocano deported from the country, the imprisonments of the free spirits of the day, not merely under Díaz but during the revolution, the insincere enunciation by Carranza of his 1915 agrarian law to attract adherents— show that all the art and literature and legal reform were but straws whirled on the full torrent of the military tempest. A book refreshingly free from cant.

In Alessio Robeles's "Voces de Combate," we again pass to one of the camps of battle, right to the firing line. Alessio Robles, sincerely interested in political purification, belongs to the Rousseauan and Maderist tradition of democracy. He is less conscious of the economic and social upheaval. But sadly enough, as one of the leaders of the anti-Reelection Party, he was forced to collaborate with types having nothing in common with his own staunch idealism and far less worthy than those whom he opposed largely because they landed sure-footed on the platform of power. Alessio, for all of his honesty, has not caught the true pulse of the Giant, Revolution. Yet in his liberalism, so apart from the smashing militarism of the epoch, one feels that he would ever have been less ready to betray the cause he espoused than those extremists who have enriched themselves at the point of the gun, shouting creeds of freedom, for which they sacrificed only as gamblers and not as persistent strugglers in the interludes of peace. For peace, they have found it easiest cynically to put themselves under the wing of the United States against whose "predatory imperialism" but a few years ago they constantly railed in order to hoist themselves to power.

The Swiss Bundesrath (Federal Council) has agreed to take over all Carl Spittler's literary remains, and has appointed a commission to prepare a complete national edition of his works, including some unpublished material. A detailed biography is also to be issued, presumably that on which Professor Fränkel of Bern University has been engaged for years.

One of the chief lake promenades in Lucerne has been named the Carl Spittler Quai; and a monument is to be erected at his birthplace—Liestal, near Basel.

In Jerusalem alone there are at present a dozen bookshops which sell English books and periodicals, while in Tel-Aviv the number is still greater. English books may now be had in practically every town and principal railway station.

Mary Shelley's famous novel, "Frankenstein," has been adapted to the stage, and was recently played in London. "It is ghoulish enough," says a correspondent, "to delight those who like this sort of drama."

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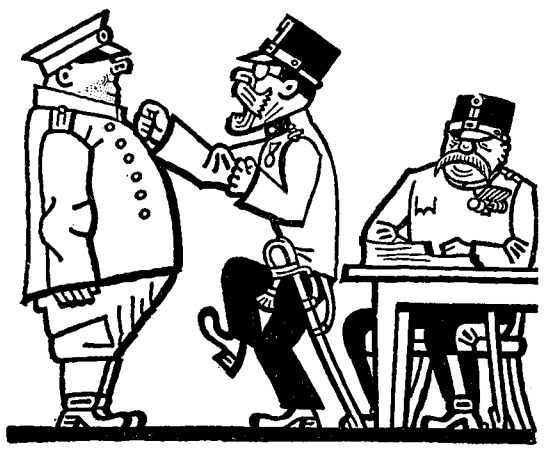
"Beg to report, sir– I'm an *Idiot!*"

Lieutenant Dub opened one eye. With some show of caution he asked:

"Where am I?"

Schweik coughed.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you're in a brothel. It takes all sorts to make a world, sir."



"What about my dogs?" asked Schweik.

"Dogs be blowed! It's better for you to lay down your life for the Emperor. Haven't they taught you that?"

"They did say something about it," admitted Schweik.

JULY 1914

"They've killed Ferdinand," said the landlady to Mr. Schweik.

"Which Ferdinand?" asked Schweik. "I know two Ferdinands. One of them does jobs for Prusa, the chemist, and one day he drank a bottle of hair oil by mistake; and then there's Ferdinand Kokoska who goes around collecting manure. They wouldn't be any great loss, either of 'em."

"What do you know about the war?" asked the medical examiner.

"I saw it coming," said Schweik, "but in the asylum we don't know anything about it yet, although we ought to have had it straight from the horse's mouth, as you might say."

"How d'you mean?" asked the medical examiner.

"Because we've got such a lot of army officers locked up here," explained Schweik.

GENIAL, smiling, moon-faced Schweik has stumbled through a war into fame. Never was there such a soldier! Wasn't he officially declared weak-minded? He went to war in a wheel-chair, fought most of it as a bat-man, and ended his military career in a blaze of inverted glory, mistaken for an enemy prisoner.

By trade a dealer in strayed dogs, and by the fortune of war servant to a jug-bitten chaplain, Schweik ambles through a great adventure, a man of the hour, taking taverns, women, dogs, officers and the world as they came. Schweik's jokes are simply rich, rich with ageless humor of the peasantry and the soil. There is, for instance, that incident of the "very secret" cipher. Nothing funnier has been done in any war book; and there is the story of the dear old Lady Visitor, who gave away so many religious tracts that the sewers were clogged for weeks afterward.

Hasek has created in the canny Schweik a modern figure as epic as Don Quixote, as human and tragically humorous. His is the simple, hearty appreciation of the ways of the world and the whole-souled delight in the misfortunes of mankind.

"The funniest book of the year—written in the great comic manner. There is about 'The Good Soldier' something of the sublime imbecility of Nigger Jim in 'Huckleberry Finn.' The author has inadvertently created a universal clown."—*The New Yorker.*

"It is fine stuff! I laughed myself sick over it."—*William McFee.*

"It is a new literary creation. In my judgment SCHWEIK falls not far short of Don Quixote and Tartarin—this book is going to be a classic or I miss my guess."—*John Palmer Gavit,* in The Saturday Review of Literature.

SCHWEIK

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BY JAROSLAV HASEK

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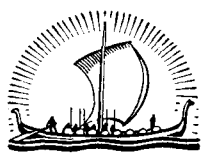

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Points of View

"All Too Humanism"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I add a footnote to your remarks on "Humanism and America"?

I am not a Humanist, being unable to say the numerous shibboleths which Professor Babbitt requires for admission to the congregation of the saved. But I have much sympathy with the professed purpose of these fifteen writers, and—a stronger bond—with some of their more violent dislikes. So I regret that they discredit a good cause not merely by pharisaical exclusiveness, but by sheer bad writing. They seem determined that the devil must have all the good tunes and all the good musicians. Surely in pleading for beauty and balance it is not necessary to be longwinded, arrogant, and dull.

This may be unjust to the writers of the later essays; I gave up the book after reading the first few doctrinal sermons. If these are fair samples, what our Humanists need is intensive coaching by a good advertising writer—a man who knows that the business of argumentative writing is to make yourself *first clear and then persuasive.* But possibly I do these gentlemen an injustice; possibly they do not want any converts; possibly these Fifteen Apostles are all whose names are to be written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

That they do not admit any one else (except Friedrich von Hügel) as worthy of their company is suggested by the frequency with which they quote from one another, and even from themselves; and also by Professor Babbitt's relentless excommunication of Walter Lippmann. I am no headlong admirer of Lippmann's "Preface to Morals," but it undoubtedly conveyed to thousands of people the conviction that they ought to do something to be saved. That is, it was the best advertisement that has yet been written for the need of a reform, and a reform in the humanist direction. But that will not do, for Babbitt; Lippman crosses himself with two fingers instead of three, so away with him.

I suspect that Lippmann's real offense is not heresy but popularity. Babbitt and his colleagues seem to feel that fifty thousand readers can't be right; that whatever impresses so many people as Truth must *ipso facto* be error. Well, this is Humanism, to be sure—All-Too-Humanism.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York.

A Mistaken Rendering

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In the January issue of a new magazine devoted to reprints of literary matter, called *Good Literature,* and edited by James Norman Dyer in Cleveland, there appears a small poem in free verse called "The Eternal Haunter" which is attributed to Lafcadio Hearn. Now Hearn never wrote any free verse poems except in a few translations. It is a sign of the slip-shod methods of our day that this selection is taken not from the original source but from a critical work by myself on poetry where I made the rearrangement of a few lines from an essay by Hearn to prove some contention in regard to free verse. The man who selected that passage might have gone to Hearn himself and not copied my rendering, reproducing incidentally my typographical errors and also omitting part of a sentence which I inadvertently overlooked in the proofs.

The rearrangement as I made it on page 115 of my "The Literature of Ecstasy" is as follows:

Ancient her beauty
As the heart of man,
Yet ever waxing fairer,
Forever remaining young.
Mortals wither in time
As leaves in the frost of autumn;
But time only brightens the glow
And the bloom of her endless youth.
All men have loved her
But none shall touch with his lips
Even the hem of her garment.

This is the passage as reproduced in the magazine. There is no comment that it is another person's rearrangement. The original, as I state in my book, is taken from an essay called "The Eternal Haunter" and printed in "Exotics and Retrospectives." It consists of practically three sentences out of a six page essay. The rearrangement was made by me merely to show that the cadences and poetry of a composition were independent of the form, whether that be prose or free verse.

In now comparing my rendering with the original I find that the errors I made and in which the editor has followed me are as follows: I omitted the words "all must continue to love her," which should have come after the ninth line; I did not begin with a capital letter both words "time"; I omitted a semicolon at the end of the ninth line; and I omitted two of Hearn's favorite dashes, one at the end of the second and the other at the end of the ninth line.

While I feel flattered to have evidence thus, that the editor who copied the passage had my book in his hand (I do not know if he read it), he should have at least gone to the original source, especially when I stated where that was. He would not have made my mistakes of copying; he would not have misrepresented Hearn, and he would not have left his reader in a quandary as to where the passage appeared. Besides, to go to a critical book and deliberately choose a passage from a writer in a form which was tentatively made, as an illustration by another, is not the way to edit a magazine of selections. If the rest of the material of *Good Literature* is got up in the same manner, who knows how many other errors appear there?

As I have edited a half a dozen works of Hearn I hope that in the interest of Hearniana you will print this letter, so as to save bibliographers time in the search for a free verse poem by Hearn that does not exist except in my own rendering—and with errors at that.

ALBERT MORDELL.

"Herodotus"

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your review of "Herodotus" edited by me and illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff published in your issue of February 15th disregards the fact that this work is intended as a children's book. The size of the type and the makeup of the page are entirely in accordance with the usual practice in these matters. Your reviewer is apparently unaware that a child generally needs a larger type than an adult. Not all children are fortunate enough to have their eyes properly tested. So, too, in the matter of the paper, your reviewer is quite wrong in thinking it too heavy. We wanted to reproduce our illustrations on the best paper we could afford and, as for the gibe about blank pages, I can only express the hope that no illustrator of my work will ever be subjected to the indignity of having print on the back of his full-page pictures.

This book does not pretend to be a new translation of Herodotus. It is an adaptation of a classic for the very young. Rightly or wrongly I thought that children's libraries ought to have Herodotus, and in order to accomplish this I had to do two things. In the first place, the average sentence in the Greek is as long as the average paragraph in my adaptation. No nurse would read such sentences to children. History has to be rewritten from time to time in order to be read by people who are not scholars or disciplined readers, whether they happen to be children or adults. Secondly, Herodotus from the point of view of contemporary taste is frankly obscene. I am unable to quote in this journal passages which would make it quite clear why I have made omissions deliberately and have not even attempted to be consecutive. I conceived my job to give the truest picture of Herodotus that this civilization would permit children to read.

GORDON KING.

Is Browning Read?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your reviewer of Loth's "Brownings" thinks Loth wrong in saying that nobody now reads Robert Browning. Is he so wrong? Consider the universally-accepted tradition that in the words, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," Browning took a Pollyannesque attitude. If anybody really read Browning, somebody would know that in Browning the effect of those words is to cause the hearers to commit suicide because the words clash so with their lives; which, whatever it may be, is not Pollyannism. To be sure, Browning does seem also to imply that an utterly inexperienced young girl may very normally and pleasingly be a Pollyanna; but that comes far short of the doctrine for which he is commonly thought to have made propaganda in those words. And nobody, at least nobody who gets into print, knows anything of all this. What evidence would be proof that nobody reads Browning, if this is not. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

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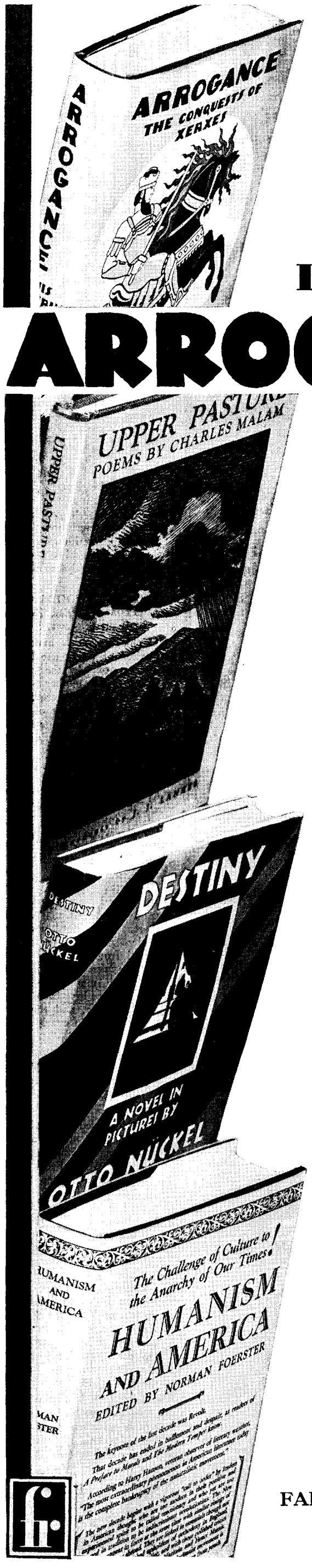
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

A FRONTIER DOCTOR. By HENRY F. HOYT. Houghton Mifflin. 1929.

Dr. Hoyt has led a life of more than ordinary interest. As a young man, in the early 'seventies, he served as a railroad survey man in Minnesota and later on a Government Expedition which was fixing the boundary between the United States and Canada. After a period of apprenticeship in medicine with a doctor in St. Paul and at the Rush Medical College in Chicago, he practiced in Deadwood, in the Black Hills, but soon moved South over the trail to Santa Fé and into the Panhandle of Texas, where most of his adventures took place. Here he met the famous characters of the day, John Chisum, W. C. Moore, the outlaw; Charles A. Siringo, Billy Bonney ("Billy the Kid"), Jesse James, General Lew Wallace, and many others. Hoyt, a clean, active boy with a good physique, made friends with everyone in his strange world, acted as doctor, bartender, postmaster, and cowboy, and passed through many violent episodes without injury. He later served as chief surgeon of the U. S. Volunteers in the Spanish-American War, mostly in the Philippines, where he was wounded.

The book is full of anecdotes of a varied character. Dr. Hoyt writes easily with good powers of description. His story is interesting and enjoyable as a straightforward narrative of personal adventures. A clean, honest man has told a reminiscent story well.

THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA. By CATHARINE PARR TRAILL. Toronto: McClelland & Steward. 1930. $3.

This reprint is another instance of the vitality of an honest book. These letters were written by the wife of an emigrant officer to her mother on the trip out from England and while establishing herself in the log-cabin settlement of Peterboro in 1832. They are leisurely, unprejudiced, and photographically reproductive of the times. They are also delightfully various, expatiating with equal interest on the domestic economy of a backwoods' kitchen, or the singing of goldfinches, or the unfounded expectations of the emigrant. Mrs. Traill was sustained by her love of nature, and the accuracy of her observations has done much to embalm her pages. Her doubtless astonished mother was able to understand the kinds of crops, the inconveniences of a first settlement, Indian orthography, the ingredients of success, root-houses, how to make sugar, or fish, or get married in Canada, as if she had been there. Her hardships, beginning with cholera in Montreal, did not prevent Mrs. Traill from enjoying the strange new life, and she missed living in three centuries only by thirty months. "The Backwoods of Canada" has long been a prize for collectors of Canadiana, and this edition will again bring it within reach of all.

ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN, FEARLESS MAN OF ACTION. By CHARLES LEE LEWIS. Norman Remington. 1929.

Professor Lewis, who recently published a much needed biography of Matthew Fontaine Maury, now issues the life story of another naval officer who "went South" in the Civil War. From Maury to Buchanan is something of a step down in interest. The former was a scientific genius whose importance had been dimmed by long neglect. The latter was hardly more than the typical naval captain of the period. It is true that he was the first Superintendent of the Naval Academy, fleet captain to Perry on his expedition to Japan, captain of the *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) in her victory over the Union fleet in Hampton Roads, and finally commander of *Tennessee* in the battle of Mobile Bay. But in none of these official capacities did he show any conspicuous ability. He was a "fearless man of action," but the historical woods are full of these fight-at-the-drop-of-the-hat boys.

Indeed, "Old Buck's" chief characteristic seems to have been a tendency to fly off the handle. He sent in his resignation, expecting Maryland to secede, and then afterwards tried to take it back again. When this was refused he entered the Confederate service. After his victory over the wooden ships in Hampton Roads, he rashly exposed himself on the casemate of his ship, to bang away with a carbine at the perfidious Yankees, who, he thought, had violated the flag of truce. He was soon hit in the leg by a bullet and compelled to relinquish the command to a subordinate for the duel with the *Monitor* the next day.

In Mobile Bay he did exactly what Farragut wanted him to do, left the shelter of the fort and steamed out into the midst of the Union fleet. It was "fearless," but it didn't get him anywhere, except to lose his ship to the enemy. It was a particularly risky thing to do with his rudder chains exposed. Once these were cut, his ship was helpless. He inflicted severe losses on his enemy, it is true, but it would undoubtedly have cost Farragut much more to have forced an attack that night under the guns of the fort.

There used to be among the elders of Annapolis many amusing traditions about this old sea dog; some of these would have lightened a narrative that is rather too "official" and consistently laudatory to give us the real man.

Fiction

THE GOD WHO DIDN'T LAUGH. By GLEB BOTKIN. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

Written by a young exile from Russia now living in New York City, this largely autobiographical novel has force and passion. If we judge it as a story, dependent largely upon plot and character, it does not rate particularly well. But if we read it as we might read a poem, as we might expose ourselves to a subjective emotional chronicle, it makes a deep impression.

We first meet Tosha Stavroff when he is a youngster, wondering about the goodness of God. What was the use in a God, he childishly speculated, who was always angry—who never laughed? Tosha existed through his boyhood and then through his adolescent years in a kind of uneasy balance between faith (in the Eastern Orthodox Church) and skepticism. After the Revolution, which Mr. Botkin passes over very quickly, Stasha flees to Western Siberia, where he undertakes to enter a monastery. The rest of the book, and by far the best of it, is an account of his endeavor to accept the monastic life and its confinements. In the end he rebels and escapes. The pages describing his torments at the thought of the vows he must take are extraordinarily bitter; we should have to go far to find an equally caustic denunciation of Christian practices and principles. Many readers will be shocked and startled, but, on the other hand, many will admire the fiery passion of the attack.

The jacket of the novel asserts that Gleb Botkin is the first Russian to write in English. At any rate, he writes vigorous, compelling prose, and his accomplishment deserves attention.

BITTER WATERS. By HEINRICH HAUSER. Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

It is not easy to classify Herr Hauser's prize-winning first novel. Although in title and seaman hero it is sufficiently maritime, it is not a novel of the sea. It cannot be labelled a romance, though largely concerned with love, and even the convenient pigeonhole devoted to "Psychological Studies" is manifestly inappropriate for a book which makes excellent reading as a pure narrative. In fact, Herr Hauser's book is distinguished among the productions of his compatriots for its lack of the deliberately modern literary qualities so assiduously cultivated by most of the younger Germans, whose violent stories are more valuable as case records in abnormal psychology than as books to be read willingly.

Exceptional talent of a descriptive sort he undoubtedly does possess, and his story of a young sailor who brings home from Tampico a small, half-breed creature of singular charm and not even remotely dubious morals is distinguished both for its vigorous style and its sympathetic sense of character values. The return to the sailor's North German home, a deserted farm, and their attempt to settle down, deserting their respective professions of able seaman and prostitute, to live in this arid, uncomfortable, salt-watery place, make up the rest of the story. Their fight against the climate, their own natures, and their continual bad luck is as good a thing of its kind as has been produced in recent years. The petty things that make life a burden to the dweller on the land have seldom been more accurately set forth, while the quiet, disillusioned ending which follows is both logical and expected. Life goes on much as before for the ill-assorted couple, with only Herr Hauser's unmistakably authentic narrative to tell the tale of what they have tried to do.

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THREE AGAINST THE WORLD. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

Though this book is sixteen years old, it has not heretofore been published in the United States; its original title in England was "The Three Furlongers."

Time has tarnished the characters and made a burlesque of the plot. Only the good old Sussex scenery has escaped the toll of the years; that is still firm, sensitively suggested, and thoroughly pleasing. But after all, we cannot live on landscapes and nature study for the length of a novel, and when we do come to the point of demanding persuasive story-telling and character presentation we find little that is acceptable. The heroine, one of the poor but proud Furlongers, is seduced and goes into a hysterical decline; one brother hangs loosely around the edges of the story until the very end, when he dies amidst a great rolling on the kettledrums; the other brother—at the start of the book just out of jail, where he had been sent for cheating widows and orphans—is a notably unconvincing psycopathic case. These characters indulge in continuous chest-thumping, and, striking attitudes, they call each other "cad" with the greatest gusto. The whole business—outside of the beauties of sky, moor, and forest—is not up to 1930 specifications.

THE GARDEN OF THE LOST KEY. By FORRESTINE C. HOOKER. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

The title of this book and its prologue (which tells in a sweetly sentimental way of the cure of an adult state of discouragement) completely misinterpret the straightforward collection of animal tales which follows. Let no-one be put off by an unfortunate start from enjoying some good stories of the Southwest and California of an earlier day.

Mrs. Hooker has owned all sorts of pets in her time, from prairie dogs and wild turkeys to canaries and an Eskimo dog of parts. She has loved them all and their intelligence has responded to her affectionate understanding. Her simple narrative of their life and ways has a great appeal.

There are some human types in these stories that also deserve mention. Chappo, the Mexican gardener, and Fong, the Chinese cook, emerge lively and touching in their love for and dependence on their employers. The story of the author's grandfather's encounter with an Indian Chief is as good a one of its kind as one is likely to come across. The style and diction of the book are lacking in distinction; but there is no doubt that young readers will gladly dispense with this detail for the real interest of the stories.

THERE WAS A SHIP. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Richard Le Gallienne's lastest book is frankly and recklessly romantic. There is no pretense at philosophy or ethical discourse, but to compensate for what has become all too common, it has a lightness and grace that is infrequent nowadays. It is not even a historical novel but rather a lovely harlequinade in which everyone—and the reader—enjoys himself hugely, and savage Barbary pirates seem to say, "There, there, these fierce mustachios don't really belong to me."

Richard Le Gallienne is one of that last confederacy of troubadours and romanticists whose purpose it is to lighten human thought. He should be read aloud around a fire by someone with a beautiful voice and the radio turned off.

His tale has to do with the dashing Dionysus of Charles II's court, his gypsy sweetheart, Gaya, and Captain Thunder, whose laugh had set all London from Whitehall to Whitechapel to rocking—a rare, tradition-begetting character—who set sail in *The Happy Return* to recover for His Majesty the treasure of a sunken Spanish galleon. There they find the Lady Calliope York and her puritan, God-swearing father also seeking the treasure, are subsequently captured by the pirates of the Dey of Algiers, and spend the rest of the book, not unpleasantly, as his prisoners, for Calliope has beguiled him with her golden hair and learned to say with him, "*Besm ellah elroham elrahim.*" The whole is set forth richly and voluptuously, with a singing, swinging style which reminds one of the sea over which *The Happy Return* bounded.

The epilogue is a little gem on human frailty. With Dionysus and Calliope married for five years, we find him calling "'Gaya!' and tall and strong though he was, he threw himself down on the heather and cried as though his heart would break. . . As his tears were falling . . . the eyes of the Lady Calliope, his wife, were turned towards the east, and softly she was saying to herself, "*Besm ellah elroham elrahim.*'"

SCOOP. By JAMES S. HART and GARRETT D. BYRNES. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.

This is a novel about reporters and the newspaper business. It should be said at once that those who are waiting for the appearance of the great newspaper novel will not find it here. The book gets off on the right foot with a picture of a city room which at least won't cause newspaper men to want to meat-ax the authors, which is more than can be said for most attempts to portray their so-called profession to an interested public. (The authors are themselves practising journalists, up in Rhode Island.) It is true that the hero crawls a beat on the highly dramatic events of what was supposed to be a strictly executive session of a legislative committee, but such crawlings are not unknown to the gentlemen of the press. Reporters find themselves in more equivocal places than ventilator shafts every day.

That the picture is not filled in with an account of the hours your average reporter spends writing dull stories about the activities of dull citizens cannot be held against the authors, who were trying to write a novel that the citizens would read. Read or not "Scoop" will probably be made into a movie. It is very full of plot and almost devoid of characterization. The story tells how a reporter, by heroic efforts, exposes a pardon mill through which Judge Boynton, boss of the State political machine, has been engaged in the cheerful business of selling their freedom to such felons as have the price. Again the picture is realistic enough. Time and again reporters have done what "Snakes" did, with just as spectacular results.

Unfortunately our authors felt it necessary to insert a love interest. When they start in on Snakes's love life the tale becomes sticky as well as absurd. But that won't matter to Hollywood either.

UNMARRIED LIFE: A Comedy in Twenty-Four Hours. By JOHN NORTH. Duffield. 1930. $2.

Certainly all the characters in this story manage to remain unmarried, although there is a good deal of amorousness and a perceptible amount of what is technically known as living in sin. Two bright young men play extensive havoc with the peace of mind of their attractive office secretaries; a fond mamma tries to marry off her daughter; and the commonplace triangle becomes a five-sided figure. We welcome the novelty. The only trouble is that we have difficulty in remembering who is who, for Mr. North has made his Jacks pretty much alike and has cut his Jills according to a single pattern. They are all charming, quick, and gay, but they seem to be the same people under different names.

It is not bad farce, although it would be better if it were just a little brisker. Not quite enough happens, and there are stretches where Mr. North slows down perceptibly in order to get his breath for a fresh start. But in spite of this difficulty, "Unmarried Life" is good fun, and often ingenious fun. It has a bit of originality in its strict unity of time and also in its lack of the conventional they-lived-happily-forever-after theme. Altogether, it is a perfectly safe and gracious book to give one's friends at boat or train time.

BEAUVALLET. By GEORGETTE HEYER. Longmans, Green. 1930. $2.50.

Those who care for grandiose Elizabethan romance should find in this volume several hours of satisfying diversion. It chronicles the peril-fraught adventures of Sir Nicholas Beauvallet, gallant freebooter, scourge of the Spanish Main, companion of Drake, and favorite of the Queen. While roving the high seas in quest of loot, Beauvallet overhauls and sinks a caravel bearing homeward to Spain Don Manuel, governor of Santiago, and the latter's fiery-tempered daughter, the beautiful Doña Dominica. Transporting these personages in his own ship to the coast of Spain, Beauvallet lands them safely there, in the meantime falling in love with Dominica, who feigns to spurn his passion. Beauvallet vows that he will conquer her heart in the very midst of her native land and in pursuit of that hazardous end, he later journeys from England disguised as a French envoy to the Spanish court. His enemies, however, unmask the impostor, imprison him, and in order to foil the bold blade's design, Dominica's kinsmen abduct and hold her captive. All these giddy ructions are related with a vast deal of "Ah, crack-hemp! If we slit not your weasand for this!" ranting, sword-play, and melodrama. The historic background is adequately reproduced, and the story as a whole is slightly superior to most of its type.

New Scribner Books

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by Michael Pupin
author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," "The New Reformation," etc.
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By
SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

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—A simple skirt,
With cocktails on her breath,
Who feels her oats in every limb—
What should she know of death?

I met a little chorus girl,
She was just 18, she said;
Her head was thick as many an earl
Who'd clustered round her bed . . .

(Continued on Page 161)

It's the mad, wise, merry, profound Hoffenstein with a new book of poetry that ripples up and down the scale—from tickling wit to searing cynicism. His *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* was a best-seller because he cannot be resisted. His latest book is even better.

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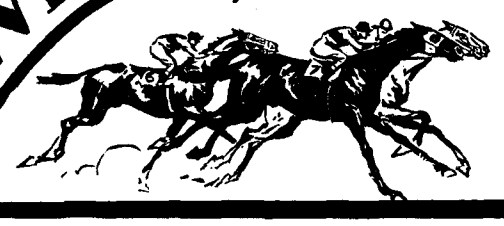
By *E. V. Lucas*



In middle age, he wins the Calcutta Sweepstake—his to save, spend or squander. At once complications tangle his life: his nephew, fantastic Alban Hulse, greedy relatives; and (best of all) his old friend Jenny. This novel is grave and gay—melodramatic and witty and altogether delightful. $2.00

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Juvenile

THE SCOUT JAMBOREE BOOK. By Fifteen Boy Scouts. Putnam. 1930. $1.75.

In Putnam's growing list of "Boys' Books for Boys" this account of the great Jamboree at Birkenhead last summer is the first disappointment. The trouble lies partly in the fact of its being composite and lacking the individuality which makes its predecessors so appealing. And it is wholly inadequate. Fifty thousand scouts of seventy nations took part. They entertained the Prince of Wales. They had Sea Scout displays, Wolf Cub gambols, a Thanksgiving service presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, international conferences, an American entertainment, presentations of the Jamboree colors by the Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, to each foreign contingent, a massed "Scouts' Own" service on Sunday, parades of the nations, performances in the world theater, camp fires, and sings. And between the scheduled events there was a continuous swapping of badges, stories, and addresses between the juvenile representatives of the nations. It was an amazing enterprise, and imaginably the greatest experience some of those boys will ever have. The reader, wanting to know so much that did not come over the cables, will be irritated by the insufficiency of the ninety-nine pages that are allotted to the Jamboree and maddened at being dragged away from the fascinating camp in order to tour Europe in the remaining twenty-seven. Somebody's poor judgment has left the story still to be told in a book-length book by some talented fellow who was kindled by the magnificent experience.

JANET'S TEA HOUSE. By Josephine Osborn. Appleton. 1929. $1.75.

A RUNAWAY REBEL. By Doris Pocock. The same.

When life is just beginning to "happen" to a young girl—when her curiosity about all human relationships is sharpened and her appreciation of beauty keen, it becomes a real opportunity to put a book into her hands. One can open up vistas for her. Or one can with complete effectiveness shut them off. A fairly sure way of accomplishing the latter is to give her "Janet's Tea House," a story wherein every event, however small, works out to the gratification of the little heroine, where every possible problem is solved, not by her, but by any one of her large admiring circle, while she remains unchanged throughout, never irritable with an exacting relative, nor jealous of a lovely sister, completely untouched and unreal. It is a story of the running of a tea room which, with the help of a mother who cooks divinely and an aunt who is rich, an artist who devotes his summer to it, and his sportswoman sister, succeeds famously. Neither in situation nor in character is there any reality or any humor. It is life without a hitch and without a fancy. The book may please the young reader by the very smoothness of its contours, but it is just one more of those false concepts which in a few years she must throw off, and in the doing so, probably suffer.

"A Runaway Rebel" is for the girl who no longer believes in Santa Claus, yet still looks up the chimney for him. But it is a far better piece of imagination than the tea-room story. Maggie, very lonesome for the hill town in India where she was loved and petted, is thrust from aunt to aunt in England, where she is neither loved nor petted, and from all which environment she runs away only to fall headlong into the arms of a fairy godmother. It is an obvious enough story, but saved from blatancy by the emotion that colors every character. The little girl is fanciful and spirited, and her fairy godmother is a painter who understands also the art of living. Together the two of them tramp through Sussex to the sea, through Maid Marion woods to Rye and Winchelsea, "dream villages of enchanted rose-gardens,"—an enriching experience for the child and a delightful one for the woman. It makes one realize what an interested guardian can do for a child by making a friend of her, by wandering about with her as companion instead of teacher or policeman. The only hint of a "moral" is Maggie's acquired philosophy, a trifle too well articulated perhaps for a child, but a likely result of such a relationship. She sees that after all there may be something in that family up in the old Scotch manse, and in the others that followed. She has learned to see a little underneath the shiny surface of life. And not only does she admit she was wrong, but courageously she undertakes to spend an unfortunate month with one of the aunts. It is a convincing little story made particularly pleasing by the Scotch mist and the soft breath of the South Downs.

MISS PERT'S CHRISTMAS TREE. By J. Paget-Fredericks. Macmillan. 1929. $3.50.

PEREGRIN AND THE GOLDFISH. By Mrs. Tom Seidmann-Freud. The same. $2.

Here are two books that should delight the soul of children of tender years. The first, the tale of a little girl who was transformed into a Christmas tree, is a narrative of considerable charm and poetic quality which is accompanied by illustrations by its author, too intricate in the main, perhaps, for the child but interesting in conception and workmanship. The black and white drawings have a filigree complexity and delicacy of tracery, while the illustrations in color are bold in design and gorgeous and original in hue. The second volume is quite enchanting in the simplicity of its design and clarity of its color. The slight thread of narrative which comments upon the engaging small folk and their goldfish is substituted for a more involved text of the German original. The book, which is the product of a German press, is a gay and charming one for a small child, and should prove a delightful gift.

Tell Me a Noah's Ark Story. By *Mary Stewart.* Revell. $2.

Miscellaneous

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION. By John Goldstrom. Macmillan. 1930. $4.

This is to date the most comprehensive story of aviation to be compiled within a single volume. A sweeping statement, to be sure, but the book can meet the challenge of adverse criticism. Written in a lucid style, devoid of perplexing technicalities, Mr. Goldstrom's history should appeal to every air-minded person in this country and that necessarily implies a legion of readers.

Bridging in a single chapter the gulf separating the problematical attempt of a pterodactyl-riding caveman from the Kitty Hawk flights of the Wright brothers, Mr. Goldstrom has sketched misty legends and failures and crude successes as prefatory notes to the past quarter century of aviation. The Wright brothers, inventors of the first practical flying machine, have been discussed at length and in proportion to their importance as pioneers of the air. The early experiments and eventual achievements in North Carolina and Dayton, Ohio, have been recounted in detail. But the book is more than a glossary of aeronautical facts for the layman; it is a glamorous account of man's conquest of the ether. Deeds of a host of gallant gentlemen of the air pass in review as sagas are simply told.

The Bleriot crosses the English Channel. The first cross-country flight is made in 1910 when Grahame-White covers eighty-five miles in a Farman biplane. Glenn Curtiss flies down the Hudson to win the *World's* prize and set an over-water record. Major Raoul Lufberry, Kifflin Rockwell, and others of the Lafayette Escadrille make their brief appearances. Bombers and Zeppelins and pursuit planes create havoc. In 1918, the world's first legitimate non-military air transport comes into being upon the conclusion of the Post Office Department that the airmail service can best be operated by a civilian personnel. Lieut. Maughan, U. S. Air Corps, makes the first dawn to dusk flight in spanning the continent from New York to San Francisco. In a Curtiss-built flying boat, an American crew under Commander Read cross the Atlantic. American officers circumnavigate the globe over an elapsed period of five months and twenty-two days. Byrd and Bennett, Amundsen and Ellsworth explore the polar regions by plane and dirigible. Tragedies result from nonstop attempts at crossing the Atlantic. Then Charles Lindbergh takes off from Roosevelt Field and a day and a half later alights at Le Bourget, Paris. The American mail pilot captures the popular imagination and further confidence in the plane. June 29, 1927, is an important date in the history of aviation; two oceanic flights are in progress, Clarence Chamberlin flying to Germany and Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger crossing from California to Hawaii.

With his intimate knowledge of aviation, Mr. Goldstrom has written with authority upon a subject of wide scope. He has made an important contribution to aeronautical literature and his work will be of permanent value.

(Continued on page 815)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

W. K. asks whether "A Plea for the Domestication of the Unicorn" is an authentic title.

ALAS, I cannot find a record of a book with so seductive a name. Huneker's essays, "Unicorns" (Scribner, 1917), has an introduction "In Praise of Unicorns." This gives me an excuse to ask for information—I think the *Atlantic Monthly* might give it to me—of a story I read within a few years, in an American magazine, in which a young couple mourning because nothing unusual ever happens to them are interrupted by finding a live unicorn in their backyard. It was a lovely story, and I wish I could get on its track again.

DAUBER AND PINE, 66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., inform the readers of this department that they have acquired the remainder of the beautiful book "H.W.M." (Cape), the volume in which many of the most important writings of H. W. Massingham are collected, with introductions by a number of his famous friends. It cost five dollars at first, but now (while the supply lasts) may be had for $2.50. This book, it will be remembered, was strongly recommended to Massingham admirers in a recent number of this Guide.

One of the group who wrote introductions for this book being Henry W. Nevinson, let me here add to the list of books recently named in which the progress of a human trait, quality, or custom through the centuries is traced in one way or another, an anthology that Mr. Nevinson has lately edited, "The Voice of Freedom" (Dutton). This consists of great passages of English prose and verse written in praise of man's freedom: freedom of thought and discussion, in society, in citizenship, from economic oppression, and from national or racial domination. It goes from King Ethelbert to Harold J. Laski, women figure in it as well as men, and if anyone can read it without a quickened pulse and a stronger heartbeat there must, I think, be something slightly the matter with him.

R. P. A., Stanford University, Calif., was so charmed with the name of Crouching Lion Farm that it moves him to tell the writer with this address who asked about books on Margaret Fuller that V. L. Parrington, in "The Romantic Revolution in America: 1800-1860" (Harcourt, Brace) has an excellent chapter on her, especially treating of her significance in American literature. *W. K., Glen Rock, Pa.*, tells the Porto Rico correspondent that the latest catalogue of Walter McKee, 56 West 45th Street, N. Y., announces the publication by the Cresset Press of "Hawking or Falconry," by Richard Blome, two hundred copies, five dollars each. He also remembers seeing, some years ago, a two-real film which showed how hawks were trained. If we keep on, we'll have those Porto Rico hawks wearing hoods with the best of 'em. *K. F., Chicago Heights, Ill.*, tells C. B. H. that there is an excellent book called "The Psychology of Dress," by Frank Alvah Parsons. *S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass.*, says that Reti, who must have played with Alekhin (as the new Britannica spells his name) many times, spells his name in German as Aljechin. *S. M. R., Washington, D. C.*, asks for books on the Wye Valley, saying that the English "Highways and Byways" series, that standby of travellers, does not yet include the counties of Hereford, Gloucester, and Monmouth, through which the Wye flows in its lower reaches. The Great Western Railway in its Handy Aids series, has a volume called "The Wye Valley" (Wyman, London, 1924) describing its castles, ruins, old-world towns, and scenery. This permits me once more to remind prospective travellers not to neglect in their book-equipment the humble advertising literature of the British railways. It is not so humble at that, either, being usually illustrated with beautiful photographs and prepared with sympathetic care. For instance, I used "Looking at England," a completely free publication of the L.N.E.A., quite as much as I did a regular guide-book for its field. This may be obtained from any agent of the road in this country.

"FORTUNE TELLING BY CARDS," by Margot Le Myne (Laidlaw), describes five methods familiar to cartomancy. Two pamphlet guides are Ryan's "Door of the Future" (Ogilvie) and "Gipsy Witch" (Caspar). "Fortunes and Dreams," by "Astra Cielo," is published in book form by Sully, and Dutton publishes "Gypsy Rickwood's Fortune Telling Book" which I have heard comes in handy at entertainments. If I were thinking of going into the fortune-telling business, I think I would look up the state laws too. Being constitutionally unable to remember anything at all about cards or to take the least interest in finding out beforehand what is going to happen to me, I scarcely think I would do well at it. *K. F., Chicago Heights, Ill.*, adds to the equipment of the reader who asked for books about games of patience, "Thirty Games of Solitaire," published by Lewis, Cincinnati, for sixty cents, and sold in book or department stores.

J. B. D., Williamstown, Mass., asks if there is a book for a college student who is considering the law as a life profession and would like a little information on the subject before definitely making up his mind.

THERE are two: "Law as a Profession," by an authority on vocations, F. J. Allen (Harvard University Press), and "The Young Man and the Law," by S. E. Baldwin (Macmillan). These are small books in vocational series. If I were thinking about being a criminal lawyer, I believe I would go in strong for "For the Defence," by Edward Marjoribanks (Macmillan), which is not a vocational book at all, but the absorbingly interesting life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who defended just about all the criminals of the better sort in England for years on years. Of course, people are reading this book in such numbers largely because they get in it the cream of at least twenty excellent detective stories, the crimes in question being worked out in detail. But besides all these high-grade murders, one gets a curiously interesting insight into the mind of a man who makes it his business to defend their instigators, the mind of a brilliant man, temperamental as a prima donna, scholarly, intensely dramatic, and able to earn a living (as sometimes indeed he did) as an expert on precious stones and works of art.

In this connection I must call attention to a book on law for the layman which has just come my way, one of a kind for which I have had more than one call in the past. This is the "Handbook of Law for Women," by H. Harcourt Horn (Grafton Press, N. Y.). It is a brief synopsis of the law as to adoption, contracts, guardianship, support, marriage, divorce, wills, and thirty-six other subjects. Most laymen seem to think they have no contact with the law at all so long as they can avoid collision with it, but a brief examination of this work, which is simply worded and easy for finding things, shows me that it touches everyday life at far more points than I knew. Only the outlines of any one subject are given, in simple and straightforward language, and these are arranged in separate short paragraphs. It would be a good book for women's clubs and is indeed being used by some of them, the publishers say. Another layman's guide is "You and the Law," by S. Boyd Darling (Appleton), in question-and-answer form, the questions usually shaped as if particular cases were being considered; it has an index of subjects.

HOORAY, my memory was not so bad as I thought. I have received this heartening information from Alfred Harcourt:—

> I have just read what you say about the publication of Katharine Anthony's "Margaret Fuller" in the *Saturday Review* of February eight, and you can pass on to your informant at Alfred Knopf's your suggestion that "looking it up is the secret of accuracy." Harcourt, Brace and Company did publish Katharine Anthony's "Margaret Fuller" on September 30, 1920. We transferred our rights in the book to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., on July 10, 1925. So the book was on our list for a significant part of its career, and you had considerably more reason for "thinking it was a Harcourt, Brace book" than they did for saying it was published by them in 1920.

Here is another enlivening communication, from Mr. Westwood Macneil, Ederslie, Ayrshire, Scotland, who has gathered from bits I let fall in the Guide that I appreciate the speeches made by Stanley Baldwin on literary subjects and so sends me the Edinborough *Scotsman* for January 17 of this year, in which Mr. Baldwin's oration on Scott at the annual dinner of the Edinburg Sir Walter Scott Club is reported in full and word for word. It's inspiring to read, and must have been grand to hear; also it would be worth getting, if this admirable journal is on sale anywhere near you. One of my thrills of last summer came from buying the *Scotsman* from a newsboy in its own town: I began to read it during the war, and did so with such thoroughness that as the newsboy waved it at me it looked like an old friend. Speaking of Scotland, H. V. Morton's new book, "In Search of Scotland" (Dodd, Mead), can be taken along for a guide on a motor trip or read—as I read it—straight through from one cover to the other, on a stalled railway train to make me quite forget it was stalled. It is especially strong on Mary, Queen of Scots, and on this very Ayrshire of my correspondent.

An exhibition is being held in Paris to represent a hundred years of French literature, from Rousseau to Parnassians (such as Victor Hugo and De Musset). The exhibition, which consists of first editions, manuscripts, and miniatures, was organized by M. Roland Marcel, the director of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

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Read what the English Critics say of

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R. S. Pippett (*Daily Herald*): "The quality of *Vile Bodies* is at once savage and serene, cunning and innocent, tragic and comic, shattering and stimulating, too funny and too terrible for words."

Daily Express: "Mr. Evelyn Waugh shows signs of becoming (if I may say so without offence) the Aldous Huxley of the younger generation."

The Spectator: "A hectic piece of savage satire . . . I laughed until I was driven out of the room."

The Sunday Times: "In him we have a humorist of a delightfully new kind, at times impish and wayward, at others shrewd and sardonic. For myself, I intend to re-read the new book at the first opportunity." $2.50

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THE STOKES FINGER POST

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Have *you* read it?

Firedamp

by

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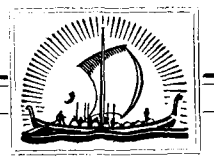

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THE R. B. ADAM LIBRARY RELATING TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS ERA. Compiled by R. B. ADAM. 3 vols. London: Oxford University Press. 1929.

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IT would, without doubt, astonish Doctor Samuel Johnson as much as it would gratify him, to discover the extent of his reputation among the descendants of those rebellious American colonists whose performances won his disapproval so completely during the later years of his life. Nice, conservative Englishmen might have been expected to remember him for a long time because of the "Dictionary," or "The Lives of the Poets," but there existed in 1774 or 1784 no reason for supposing that ultimately he and his conversations would be taught —often with far more brilliance than he had ever displayed in real life—in the classrooms of American colleges, or that the pages of his printed works would be measured eagerly by a class of persons who "collected" him, although they did not read him. Even though he might realize that he dominated the literary world of his own age, it did *not follow necessarily that he would also* possess the ability to convey to succeeding generations the reasons for such power. But confronted with Mr. Adam's catalogue of a library built up entirely around himself and his writings, the great Doctor ought certainly to be moved to assume that complacency of manner towards the world at large that, to Boswell, invariably indicated his inward personal satisfaction.

For many years it has been acknowledged that the one great Johnsonian collection in the New World has been in the possession of Mr. R. B. Adam—begun by his father and carried on by him in the same spirit of devoted interest, it has always represented an especially fine, almost ideal, example of concentration upon a single figure whose importance to English literature lies as much in his own writings as in the books he inspired others to write. Samuel Johnson throughout his career left no form of authorship untried: translations, imitations from Latin originals in English verse, tragedies, novels, dedications—it was the fashion, apparently, to have him compose dedications to Royalty, or to persons whose position seemed to demand an especially dignified manner of address—essays, biographies, criticisms, political tracts, and the "Dictionary," all these he did so extensively that his bibliography cannot be dismissed as a minor matter. It may without exaggeration be said that Mr. Adam has everything, from his first printed work—a translation in to Latin of Pope's "Messiah" that is included in "A Miscellany of Poems. By Several Hands." Oxford, 1731, to the autograph manuscript of an original prayer: of James Boswell he has nearly as much, with, in addition, the first and the revised proof sheets of the "Life" corrected by Boswell, and his manuscript Note Book. That the owner of such a library should have been willing to undertake the tremendous labor of reducing it to the terms of a printed catalogue is an evidence of his extraordinary generosity—the large group of collectors interested in the eighteenth century have every reason for gratitude, even though they cannot hope to equal such perfection in their own collections.

The catalogue itself, in three volumes, the first devoted to Johnsonian Letters, the second to Johnsonian Books, and the third to Miscellaneous Autographs (by which are meant letters written by each person mentioned in the "Life"), is as much a record of Mr. Adam's friendships and enthusiasms as it is of his collection; photographs of all the most prominent American and English Johnsonians are present, with quotations from their published writings and finally at the end of the third volume are several views of Buffalo. In a sense, the entire work is too intimate to be criticized; it is too obviously a part of Mr. Adam's life to be taken apart and reviewed with the detachment such exercises require. There is no pretense making another bibliography either of Dr. Johnson or of James Boswell, both of whom have already been done brilliantly and authoritatively. Mr. Adam has realized this, and has wisely refrained from burdening himself with such an overpowering amount of detail as Mr. T. J. Wise, for example, includes in his catalogue of the Ashley Library: the Adam books are described briefly, with notes on special "points," or references to the standard bibliographies, and the letters are either summarized or transcribed in full. With characteristic generosity Mr. Adam has put in complete photographic facsimiles of his best things, the original manuscript of Johnson's first draft of the "Plan of a Dictionary," the corrected copy of the "Plan," and the Boswell Note Book for 1776-1777, all of them of immense value to scholars: it would, certainly, have been more usual to hoard such things for one's private enjoyment, and not to share them so liberally with the public.

To illustrate the essential difference between a great specialized collection like Mr. Adam's and the miscellaneous assortment of books ordinarily called a "gentleman's library," it is necessary only to go over carefully the sale catalogue of Laurence Sterne's library which has just been issued, with a preface by Charles Whibley, in an admirable facsimile. The Reverend Laurence Sterne was primarily a novelist whose ostensible career happened to be in the Church of England. Books to him represented either a means of entertainment or a source of incessant borrowings for his own writings—in other words, he amassed, rather than "collected" his library. The story-tellers of literature, the classic authors, works on Church history and moral philosophy, and so great an assortment of sermons that it seems impossible to believe he ever found it essential to compose an original one for his parishoners, all these in any edition available made up his library, and furnished him with whatever he needed. If there was any basic idea other than utility or amusement for his selections, it is not evident; in many cases, there is a suggestion that he acquired books by the parcel, or by inheritance. It is, of course, invaluable to students of Sterne to know definitely what he had—as Mr. Whibley remarks, "[The books] mark his preferences, the bindings are a clear proof of the care he bestowed upon them. . . . For Sterne, before all things, was the child of his books: he arrived at originality through the brains of other men." The present reprint is beautifully done: Mr. Whibley's preface is well written and interesting; and the entire performance seems to have been quite worth the efforts that have been made. It will probably distress modern collectors to notice the prices Messrs. J. Todd and H. Sotheran, the booksellers who issued the catalogue, felt called upon to charge for the books—the millennium was obviously at that period. G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. March 11-12: Selections from the Libraries formed by Mrs. Lucius L. Button, of Rochester, N. Y.; Thomas Hatton, Leicester, England; Dorothy E. L. Gillet, London; and Mrs. G. W. H. Ritchie, of Providence, R. I. The most important item in the sale is a presentation copy of Stephen Crane's "Maggie," inscribed on the front wrapper, "Stephen Crane to Budgon" (Lucius L. Button). "It is inevitable that you be greatly shocked by this book but continue, please, with all possible courage, to the end. For it tries to show that environment is a tremendous thing in the world and frequently shapes lives regardless. If one proves that theory it makes room in heaven for all sorts of souls, notably an occasional street girl, who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people. It is probable that the reader of this small thing may consider the author to be a bad man, but obviously that is a matter of small consequence

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to The Author." Continuing the unfortunate woman theme, the sale goes on to include an autograph manuscript of five pages giving an account of Caroline Maynard Thompson in the handwriting of Charles Dickens, as well as his broadside letter distributed among fallen women in connection with Baroness Burdett Coutts's private reformatory. There are several manuscripts and letters from the following: Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, Kipling (the rough draft of verses and lines for "The Brushwood Boy"), Ambrose Bierce (about 160 letters to George Sterling), Stephen Crane, Robert Burns (verses written in Miss Kennedy's album), Lord Byron (the original manuscript of his "Prometheus"), Joseph Conrad (the manuscript of his "Some Aspects of the English Titanic Inquiry," and some of his earliest known letters), Wordsworth, and Napoleon. The first editions include: Sir James M. Barrie, Conrad, Dickens, Fielding, Galsworthy, Shaw, Smollett, Hardy's "Dynasts" with an autograph letter in each volume, the Kilmarnock Burns, John Milton's "Poems," London, 1645, Charles Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts," Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," and a collected set of the writings of Jack London, all presentation copies. There is also a series of original drawings by John Leach.

G. M. T.

The Stanford University Press has issued recently a small volume called "Concerning 'Condensed Novels'," a hitherto unpublished letter of Bret Harte's, with an introduction and bibliographical notes by Nathan VanPatten. This letter, dated San Francisco, May, 1870, is addressed to James R. Osgood and Company, in Boston, and makes quite clear the writer's unqualified disapproval of the edition of "Condensed Novels and Other Papers" brought out by G. W. Carlton and Company, New York, in 1867 —"When the book appeared I was so incensed at its circus clown's dress and painted grins that Mr. Carlton had scattered through its pages that . . . I determined to get it out of his hands"—and continues by expressing the wish that Mr. Osgood publish a revised edition. Since only eight letters of Bret Harte's for the years 1868-1870 apparently exist, it is all extremely interesting, and Mr. VanPatten's introduction, in spite of its tendency to confuse the reader by bringing in several of the early California literary journals and their editors without regard for chronology, is entirely adequate. His chief contribution, however, is the exact description of the two Carlton issues of "Condensed Novels," the second of which appeared without the author's knowledge, and the first Osgood edition. Collectors of Bret Harte will find the book of especial interest and value.

G. M. T.

It is seldom that any catalogue of autographs demands serious attention—devoted ordinarily to notes from prominent persons answering silly questions, or declining unwelcome invitations to luncheon and tea, such lists contain as a rule little worth bothering about. It is therefore most extraordinary to find something like Mr. Thomas F. Madigan's recent "Catalogue of Lincolniana," a dignified, interesting presentation of Lincoln letters and documents. Introduced by an essay on Lincoln Autographs by Dr. William E. Barton, one of the acknowledged authorities on the subject, the catalogue lists 74 Lincoln letters and signed documents, and goes on to include a group of 139 letters from members of his family, political associates, and Civil War generals. It is unusually well done, and Mr. Madigan deserves the highest praise.

G. M. T.

"BYRON AND BYRONIA"

Elkin Mathews of London have issued an interesting and comprehensive catalogue, with 776 books and pamphlets by or about Byron. A good number are of books fairly common in the auction room and on booksellers' shelves, but many more occur only at long intervals.

Over 450 of the entries fall in the section of Byron's works, books relating to them, and translations. One of the most important is the fine uncut copy of the "Poems on Various Occasions," Newark, 1807, in the original boards with paper label; it is the copy given by Byron to his half-sister Augusta, and has her autograph on the half-title and on the title-page, to which she has added her middle name of "Mary." This copy was in the Kern sale in New York a year ago, and then fetched $3,000 (£600); it now figures at £960. Of the suppressed "Fugitive Pieces," 1806—only about three or four copies of the original issue appear to be known—Elkin Mathews can only offer a copy of the 1886 reprint. The Kern copy of the "Hours of Idleness," 1807, in the original boards and uncut, brought $300 (£60), but £98 and £45 are respectively asked for two other copies of the same, both in modern bindings, and various other editions, 1819-25, vary in price from 4s. to £2. Of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" there are here nearly thirty issues, with duplicates of some.

A building recently completed and presented to the citizens of Rheims is a new structure to house the municipal library, saved just before the medieval Hotel de Ville was burned to the ground on May 3, 1917. The building is the gift of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to the City of Rheims. The treasures in the old library were preserved for posterity by the heroism of the librarian, M. Leriquet, when from the outbreak of the war to May, 1917, he personally transferred them from the Hotel de Ville to the crypt of a suburban church.

The historical records, representing the chronicles of what has been called the heart of France, the incunabula, the manuscripts were all saved, although all printed matter not of exceptional value was sacrificed through lack of space.

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SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF
author of *Eroica*, a novel based on the life of Beethoven

At last *The Inner Sanctum* releases the most-postponed book in its history—the eagerly awaited novel on the life of Beethoven, *Eroica*, by SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, music critic of *The World*. For readers of that paper and the writers of this column, here is an event of extraordinary interest.

From the pages of *The World*, back in 1924, sprang *The Inner Sanctum's* two initial publications, *The First Cross Word Puzzle Book*, by PROSPER BURANELLI, MARGARET PETHERBRIDGE, and F. GREGORY HARTSWICK and *Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters* by DON C. SEITZ.

Other *Inner Sanctum* authors intimately associated with 63 Park Row—what sentimental glamor clusters about that storied address—are H. T. WEBSTER, DEEMS TAYLOR, and WILLIAM BOLITHO. To this ESSANDESS roster of the New York *World* symphony is now added the name of SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF.

As neighboring columnists on the page opposite, as devoted readers of his musical criticism, as staunch friends and finally as fellow-worshipers at the shrine of the immortal LUDWIG and fellow-devotees of the titanic B's of music—including BACH, BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS and MOZART, *The Inner Sanctum's* occupants take a twice-redoubled delight in hailing the publication of *Eroica*.

For years *Eroica* has been catalogued, announced, deferred, anticipated with shouts and murmurs. Today the work is finally available at all bookstores [advt.], and *The Inner Sanctum* will not be surprised to hear from its readers that the advance expectation has been more than vindicated.

Who touches this book touches a man.

Here BEETHOVEN breathes and moves, loves and lives, "clutches Fate by the throat."

The headings of the first four parts of the book *Bonn . . . Vienna . . . the Immortal Beloved . . . Eroica . . .* impart the noble cadence and passionate spirit of the story.

A common adoration of great music in general and BEETHOVEN in particular brought the author and *The Inner Sanctum* together. So diffident is SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, so devout and disciplined his veneration of heroic genius, that repeated pleadings and many memorable evenings of chamber music and Toscannini sessions were necessary to consummate the agreement for *Eroica*—the work of a music-critic of the first rank, who is an accomplished concert pianist in his own right. To him is it given to unlock the secret of Beethoven—first on the keyboard and then on the printed page.

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THE Phoenix, at this writing, has turned into a sea-mew or something like that. Tomorrow, d. v., the noble bird disembarks at Southampton. Meanwhile, creature comforts aboard the *Aquatania* have disinclined him, really, to indite a line. At the moment he is missing the daily horse races, on which yesterday he won about a pound, only to lose most of it again quite promptly. So see how noble he is,—to be down in his stateroom pounding his Remington Portable for your edification. And we'll bet he misses the picture show about Chinatown, too, which comes off in the Lounge at 4:45 P. M. . . .

Yesterday he saw *Emil Jannings* on the screen. The Phœnix's favorite haunt has been the Smoke Room. *Lady Diana Cooper* is aboard, but he hasn't seen her. She has her meals in the Grill Room, he has heard it rumored. And he hasn't seen the Grill Room either. He must before he leaves. . . .

He has read *P. G. Wodehouse's* "Mr. Mulliner Speaking" and *Agatha Christie's* "The Secret Adversary," which last he discovered to his chagrin was originally published in 1922, though the new 1930 edition says nothing about that. It *did* seem somehow strangely familiar. It is not one of her best. But Wodehouse hath powers to soothe the savage breast—or is it beast? We always forget. . . .

We have begun *Tomlinson's* "All our Yesterdays," and think it beautifully written, though a man from East Africa, via America, was heard to remark that he had begun it in the middle, couldn't make head or tail of it, and had thrown it across the room. Well, if you begin a thing in the middle how can you make head or tail of it? It stands to reason. . . .

A lady on board has lent a young Englishman *Joe March's* "The Set-Up," the young Englishman being an ex-amateur boxer, having finally crocked his right hand knocking somebody out, so that he can't box any more. He thought "The Set-Up" was perfectly swell, though the term "swell" was not the one he used, that being a strictly American expression. He thought the poem was the goods anyway. . . .

A young English lady novelist has been reading *Faulkner's* "The Sound and the Fury," thinking it quite remarkable. We have spotted another man beside ourselves reading Tomlinson. We have read the *Daily Mail, Atlantic Edition* every morning, and have collected a lot of odd information and anecdote from it. . . .

We had meant to bring *Robert Bridges's* poem along, and, of course, forgot it at the last moment. We intend to visit Harold Munro's bookshop, however, when we get to London, and doubtless we can secure a copy there. . . .

About the Smoke Room, it is so vast, with its large open fireplace with the huge portrait of the *Duke of Monmouth* (We don't know why we pick on him!) or somebody or other above it, that we have termed it in our own mind "The Old Manorial Hall." Sipping a—well, sipping,—we sat for about an hour before it the other day,—before the fireplace, we mean,—making up verses which are execrable. As there is about every game on the *Aquitania* save games on a regulation pool table we had, for instance, to insert this verse:

Come to the billiard room with me,
Put English on the ball,
For the winter winds blow loud and free
Through the old Manorial Hall.

That was when we had a cold and felt the draughts, from which the Smoke Room is not altogether free, though what we have sung is distinctly an exaggeration. We added

We cannot sing like Tetrazzini,
Or carry an air at all,
But come and try a Dry Martini
In the old Manorial Hall,

and we thought of all our good old pals on *The Saturday Review* and nearly wept that they might not quaff with us. We felt low that day, anyway. It was Vapex and sneeze, Vapex and sneeze all day. We contemplated the cheery coal fire through reddened eyes.

The dancing flames are soaring, sinking,
Like hopes that rise and fall;
But we'b god a cold id spide ob drinking
Id the old Badorial Hall.

However, you will be glad to know that at this writing cold salt baths, Vapex, and Scotch and soda have completely dispersed the remnants of germs in our system, and that we feel simply magnificent. . . .

And then, too, we don't get out on deck much. The trouble is this ship is so large that by the time you have found your way to the deck you're too tired out to do anything but toddle back into the *Old Smoke Room*. . . .

We have taken no chances on the pool, either,—either pool: the swimming pool or the pool that has aggregated about a thousand dollars every evening. The bids on tickets for it, when auctioned off in the evening have gone as high as twenty-five or thirty pounds. That is too rich for our blood. And it took us a long time to understand about "Choice of Fields," etc. So the only money we have dropped has been on the ponies. Twice we have had the horse on whom we staked our florin come in last. But we won on the race where the last horse wins.

We wish that *Christopher Morley* were along to show us how this ship is navigated. The only criticism we would make is that a helicopter or something like that might offset this rolling motion. Still, it hasn't been a rolling motion that one need pay much attention to. Rather pleasant, in fact. Soothing. . . .

We really ought to get our return passage out of this sterling advertisement for the *Cunard* line. It runs, this ship, like something oiled. Some of the passengers sit around all day just like that, too. . . .

Well oiled,—we mean, well, old readers, what do you know of the perils of the briny deep? (Rap wood! This voyage is not over yet.) We have not yet learned the hornpipe or the splicing of marlinspikes but we already feel quite an old sailor. (Whaddya mean, sailor?) We have ridden up and down in several of the "lifts" and are sending over a picture of us watching a boxing match. We know "A" deck like the back of almost anybody's hand; we drink tea without a quiver. . . .

We saw a striped shirt in the *Austin Reed* shop that we have wanted to buy ever since we came aboard. So far our sterling character has won. We have now got all our American money changed into English money, and have our Landing Card and our ticket up to London. . . .

We could get into a dinner coat with our eyes shut, though we haven't yet put on our white waistcoat. (And it looks as though we were going to make that movie after all. Fifteen minutes to go.) . . .

Well, it isn't exactly like the old clipper days. No, really it isn't! But we should be content to be a passenger for several years, with a couple of months off at each end of the line in which to dodge about London and New York. Yet, alas, how fickle is *Man!* We should tire, of course; we should desire the land again. Which reminds us that there's actually an ocean outside and that we must go and look at it when we get the time. . . .

We have written a lot of letters, too. All these statements are offered with the view toward establishing good-will, so that when we are so overwhelmed by life in *London* that we forget to send in our copy, truly big-hearted people will point to our stainless past, forget, and forgive. . . .

We admit that this doesn't tell you much about books. Well, we also have a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* in our cabin, which we haven't yet read. But then probably you all subscribe to the *Atlantic*, anyway. No use reading off the list of contents to you . . .

Did you ever try *Allenbury's* Throat Pastilles? They're good for the throat. We have two toothbrushes, too. Do you know how to put on a "Boddy-Finch" Lifejacket? We have been reading about *Lord Byron* by *Maurois* in *The Forum*, and there's a picture of *Lady Caroline Lamb* right over our bunk, —reproduction of the painting,—and a picture of Rembrandt's *Saskia*,—reproduction of the painting. And that brings this to a close. We wish you could see our stateroom. . . .

We'll make that Chinatown film after all. Three minutes to spare!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

The story is told of a distinguished American who, invited to dine in an Oxford college, confessed afterwards that as he entered the room his knees knocked at the thought that "all these Fellows talked Latin." Some of our readers have sometimes been frightened away from an Oxford book by the fear that it would be full of Greek quotations. There is in fact no necessary connection between accuracy and pedantry. And no one needs expect that an Oxford book on a popular subject will be any more abstruse than another book, though its facts will perhaps be better anthenticated. Some booksellers know this; and in reply to a customer's inquiry, "Is this a good book?" have been heard to reply, "Why, it is an Oxford book."

"For years," we read in the March issue of *The Forum*, "nearly all of what passed for science in newspapers and magazines was the product of professional journalism." We might extend that to include many so called scientific books. In their attempt to "bring science *down* to the layman" they have diluted and sugared the real thing until a homeopathic pill is all that is left of the original stimulating, energizing dose. It is evident from Delaware reports that some people find milk-shakes poor substitutes for pre-war beverages. And it is our opinion that the reading public (with at least adolescent intelligence) prefers adult books when it can get them written with grace and interest, that do not forfeit loyalty to fact.

The World's Work Bookshelf is of the same opinion when it recommends to its thousands of readers Mr. Charles Bell's colorful and anecdotal discussion of *The Peoples of Tibet*[1] and C. Leonard Woolley's exciting story of *The Sumerians*,[2] based on his seven years' excavation and study of Ur, the first known city of man. The Scientific Book of the Month Club realize the widespread curiosity in the latest astronomical discoveries when they recommend Professor H. Macpherson's newest book, *Modern Cosmologies*,[3] which pictures our world as one of two million systems spiraling through space.

The Literary Guild and Book of the Month Club, who know both all the new books available and also what really interests most of us, recommend the pure poetry of Robert Bridges's *The Testament of Beauty*[4] in the face of many less skillful though more "popular" poems.

This book is a splendid example of an interesting, and in this case, a poetic treatment of such technical subjects as evolution, metaphysics, etc. And, whereas it is accurate in its scientific material, it is at the same time (to quote Dr. Garrod,[5] Harvard professor of poetry) "the greatest poem in living memory . . . and of all poems in our language the most original." (Incidentally, its second American edition is almost exhausted, which tells us that people like the genuine article when they can get it.)

The Literary Career of James Boswell,[6] by F. Pottle, is another case in point. To our knowledge, this is the first bibliography that is at the same time a biography. And its meticulous account of facts robs it of none of its interest as a fine story of the great biographer of Doctor Johnson.

S. E. Morison's *History of the United States*,[7] again, does not "*write down* to the average reader" (whatever that means besides distortion of the truth). It gives us a true history, and in such a way that we wish for more when we have finished it. *The Nation* said of it that "if the reading of these two volumes does not stimulate an interest in American History the case may be regarded as hopeless." This can never be said about "history made easy." It refers to history made *thrillingly real*.

Presenting scientific (or technical) subjects with such grace and enthusiasm that they become vivid in interest and memory is an art that is foreign to "the popularizer." The height of this art, to our mind, is reached in *Modern English Usage*.[8] Who, before this book was published, imagined that a dictionary on current usage could be stimulating, clever and gay, and the inspiration of a rollicking series of nonsense in The New Yorker, called "Our Own Modern English Usage?"

If you are fed up with empty-headed verbiage on the Made-Easies and Popularized Poppycock, we recommend a diet of Oxford's recent[9] (and not so recent) books.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $7.00. (2) $2.50. (3) $2.75. (4) $3.50. Limited Ed. by Rudge Press, $25.00. (5) Author of *Profession of Poetry*, $4.50. (6) $15.00. (7) 2 vols., $10.00. (8) Thick paper, $3.25; India paper, $4.00. (9) Send for Spring List, addressing Oxford University Press, 114 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 810)

FORM AND RE-FORM. By *Paul T. Frankl.* Harpers. $5.

THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY AS A GUIDE TO AMERICAN CULTURE. Edited by *Joseph Brownell.* Century.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATION. By *Carl Lewis Altmaier.* Macmillan.

TOWN GOVERNMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS, 1630-1930. By *John F. Sly.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

PRINCIPLES OF PROPERTY INSURANCE. By *F. E. Wolfe.* Crowell. $3.

Pamphlets

THE PAPERS OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA. Chicago.

ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. By *Gabriel Wells.* Doubleday, Doran.

FOUR PEACE PLAYS WITH WORSHIP SERVICES. Compiled by *Lydia Glover Deslo.* Methodist Book Concern. 35 cents.

THE TALENT OF T. S. ELIOT. By *George Williamson.* University of Washington.

Poetry

HEMLOCK WALL. By *Frances M. Frost.* Yale University Press. $1.25.

COME CHRISTMAS. Edited by *Lesley Frost.* Coward-McCann. $2.50 net.

SOUTH AND EAST. By *John Masefield.* Macmillan $2

POEMS OF A SOUTH AFRICAN. By *A. Vine Hall.* Longmans, Green. $4.20.

THE CELTIC HEART. By *Constance Davies Woodrow.* Ryerson.

ENGLISH VERSE. Chosen and edited by *W. Peacock.* Oxford. 80 cents net.

ARROWHEADS. By *Lilian White Spencer.* New *York*: Parade Publishing Co. $1.50.

LAMPS AND TRUMPETS. By *Louis H. Victory.* Four Seas.

THE GOLDEN STONE. By *D. A. G. Pearson.* Dutton. $2.

TWO ON AN OLD PATHWAY. By *Eleanor O'Rourke.* Koenig, Mitchell. $2.

FROM THE SIERRAS TO THE SEA. By *Charles S. Greene.* Berkeley, Calif.: Sather Gate Book Shop.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH. By *James C. Rule.* Stratford. $1.50.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DONNE. Edited by *H. J. C. Grierson.* Oxford University Press.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH. By *James C. Rule.* Stratford.

POEMS. By *H. W. B. Moreno.*

NINE POEMS. By *Stuart Guthrie.* Mt. Vernon: Cock Robin Press. $1.50.

NEW VERSES. By *Arthur L. Salmon.* London. Foulis.

THE AMBER-RIDERS. By *Annie Charlotte Dalton.* Toronto: Ryerson.

GOETHE'S FAUST. Part I. Translated by *William Page Andrews.* Edited and revised by *George M. Priest* and *Karl E. Weston.* Princeton University Press. $4.

ONE FOR POSTERITY. Harrison. $2.50.

IF I SEE GREEN. By *Talluhah Ragsdale.* Harrison. $1.75.

THE HARP OF LIFE. By *Denis A. McCarthy.* Boston: Carrollton. $2.

SAILOR WITH BANJO. By *Hamish Maclaren.* Macmillan. $1.75.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CZECHOSLOVAK LITERATURE. By *Paul Silver.* London: Kegan Paul.

Religion

THE SOCIAL SOURCES OF DENOMINATIONALISM. By H. RICHARD NIEBUHR. Holt. 1929. $2.50.

A large proportion of the reading public are too weary of denominationalism to give the subject the attention called for by the very extent of its evils. The harm done is too great to justify indifference. A careful, sane, and judicial survey of the causes and growth of denominationalism, of the necessities for free religious development which have given rise to sects wherever impeded by priestcraft and ecclesiastical tyranny, also (and more especially) of the economic and social class distinctions which perpetuate a caste feeling long after its original cause has ceased to operate, is a real need if we would oppose effectively the notorious evils which the sectarian spirit brings in its train. Professor Niebuhr has largely met this need. His book is made doubly attractive by a clear and engaging style introducing us to a wealth of modern church history, interesting and instructive.

TWILIGHT REVIEWS. By *Charles L. Goodell.* Revell. $1.50.

THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD. By *E. Stanley Jones.* Abingdon. $1.50.

PENTECOST DAY BY DAY. By *Bruce S. Enright.* Abingdon. 75 cents.

IMMORTABILITY. By *S. D. McConnell.* Macmillan. $1.50.

THE CHRISTIAN CONTENT OF THE BIBLE. By *George Holley Gilbert.* Macmillan. $2.

HIGHWAYS TO INTERNATIOAL GOOD WILL. By *Walter W. Van Kirk.* Abingdon. $1.

THE HOLY SPIRIT. By ***Raymond Calkins.*** Abingdon. $1.50.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GENESIS. By *Theodore Francis Powys.* Viking.

BASIC BELIEFS. By *H. Maldwyn Hughes.* Abingdon. $1.50.

"AND ON THE THIRD DAY." By *Thomas Willing Hicks.*

THE APOCRYPHA. Dial. $4.

PASCAL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By *Clement C. J. Webb.* Oxford University Press. $2.

THE RENAISSANCE OF JESUS. By *George Folover.* Tolson. Abingdon. $2.

A BOY OF GALILEE. By *Mildred Whitney Stillman.* Duffield. 75 cents.

Science

LIFE AND WORK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES. By G. RENARD. Knopf. 1929. $4.50.

SONS OF THE MAMMOTH. By WALDEMAR BOGORAS. Translated from the Russian by STEPHEN GRAHAM. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $2.

Both these books attempt a picture of archaic society, but by a quite different method. Professor Renard follows the conventional handbook pattern, assembling his data under such heads as "Food," "The First Industries," "The First Human Societies"; Dr. Bogoras has written a tale of fiction whose actors date back to Pleistocene times.

For Professor Renard's book there is no excuse. He is almost uniformly ill-informed as to facts or antiquated in his views on every conceivable subject. He represents Eskimo women as farming and American Indians as keeping cats, poultry, and cows. He seems surprised at Pygmies eating vegetables as well as animal food, and raves about hunting tribes with domesticated horses and camels. What he conceives to be the difference between them and his herders (the translator calls them "shepherds") remains a mystery, but so does many another feature of the publication. Living in a country eminent for prehistoric research, he still considers the Solutrean technique of working stone the technological outgrowth of the Aurignacian, though the former is now regarded as an intrusion from the east that *happened* to succeed the Aurignacian in France. The cultivated banana is wrongly ascribed to the American Indians, though all recent authorities seem agreed on the contrary view.

Ignorant of such simple items of fact, Professor Renard is wholly at sea in the intricacies of primitive mentality and social organization. He naïvely embraces geographical environmentalism and just as naïvely institutes the hoary comparision of savages with children. He believes that it was more natural to reckon descent from the mother, though we now know that primitive tribes often care not a rap for *biological* paternity and are quite content to trace descent from the mother's husband as their sociological parent. He still holds to the universality of clans and totemism, though a few pages further on the restricted family figures as the basis of Pygmy society. The bibliographies appended to each chapter are in keeping with the text. There is an intelligible preponderance of French works but an indefensible number of antiquated, inferior, or irrelevant works appear and foreign titles are garbled. Grosse appears as "Gross" and is credited with a book on "The Forms of the Family and *Scientific Women*" instead of *Forms of Economic Life* (*Die Formen der Familie Formen der Wirtschaft*); and the reviewer finds with amazement that he is supposed to have written a book entitled "On the Trail of the Pigmies." The only utility of "Life and Work in Prehistoric Times" is in testing the critical capacity of students in anthropological courses.

"Sons of the Mammoth" is far from what might be expected from the renowned Russian ethnographer, for it is a curious hodge-podge of anthropological odds and ends. That they severally exist somewhere is true enough, but that they were all combined in any one culture of the Old Stone Age is not at all probable. Also Mr. Gerritt S. Miller has recently taught us that our human ancestors almost certainly had no rutting season, which seems to be generally lacking among the primates, though Dr. Bogoras lightly introduces this picturesque detail into the Paleolithic scene. It is a bit odd to have it synchronized with maidenly coyness and masculine chivalry in his two main characters. Indeed, all his actors are rather incarnations of abstract qualities or institutionalized puppets than plausible human beings. However, which of us has met Pleistocene men and women in the flesh and can gainsay the realism of these characters from personal experience? Moreover, however the anthropologist may cavil, Bogoras has written a very readable and entertaining yarn.

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 80. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Country Auction." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 11.)

Competition No. 81. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best specimens of what might have happened if Mr. Ring Lardner had written "Romeo and Juliet." (Entries, which must not exceed 400 words of prose, should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 25. Competitors are advised not to attempt telling the whole story.)

Dean Gray, University of Chicago, says

"VIGOROUS campaigns are needed to help educate parents concerning the merits of different types of magazines and to awaken school authorities and teachers to the urgent need of providing suitable magazines for use in schools and of giving instruction concerning their relative value and use. As pointed out by several writers, the development of a critical attitude among school pupils concerning newspapers and magazines may soon result in a radical improvement in the kinds of magazines found in the home. It is equally essential in the development of intelligent adult readers tomorrow."

Parents! Teachers! Superintendents! Here is the way!

THE reading taste of adolescents in our schools is today influenced by the appeal of trashy, often lurid, magazines. Can this condition be best met by suppression or by substitution?

The combined opinion sponsoring this appeal to you advocates SUBSTITUTION! The publishers of a number of leading magazines of literary value, under the guidance of CURRENT LITERATURE are uniting in an effort to raise the level of reading interest among our young people.

We invite parents and school authorities to consider the advantages of including contemporary literature—both books and magazines—as part of the required supplementary reading work in school. We have a definite plan for this purpose. We will gladly send the details of this plan to any parent, teacher, or superintendent on request.

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Bookman **Harpers**
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Forum **Saturday Review of Literature**

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by John Dos Passos
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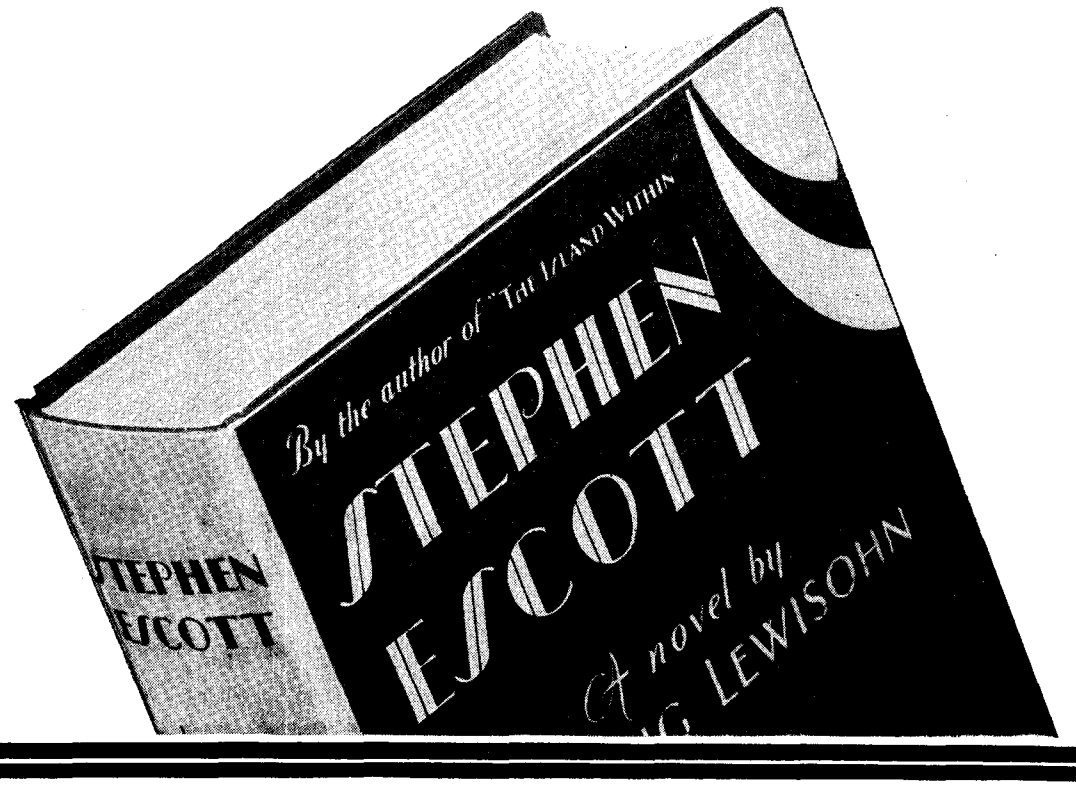
PURE GOLD
by O. E. Rolvaag
5th printing $2.50

MOTHERS CRY
by Helen Grace Carlisle
6th printing $2.50

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS
by H. M. Tomlinson
11th printing $2.50

THE GOOD COMPANIONS
by J. B. Priestley
85th thousand $3.00

IS SEX NECESSARY?
by Thurber and White
13th printing $2.00



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FERDINAND MAGELLAN
By E. F. Benson

"The greatest navigator of them all"—this little lame man, standing on the poop, peering into the limbo of Antarctic fog. His was the courage to stake everything on his idea. Mr. Benson has nobly handled this story of heroic achievement. $4.00

ENGLAND
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"I know no better book on England. It is original and penetrating. Within its scope it is not unworthy to stand with books like those of Bryce on America and Bodley on France."—*Harold J. Laski* $5.00

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By Norah Hoult

This story of the break-up of a middle class family vibrates with the actuality of living; "a work of genius."—*Frank Swinnerton*

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The Human Background of Her Poetry
By Josephine Pollitt

"She has dug deeply in unused sources, both published and unpublished, and has thrown light on many obscure passages in Emily Dickinson's life."—*New York Times* Illustrated, $4.00

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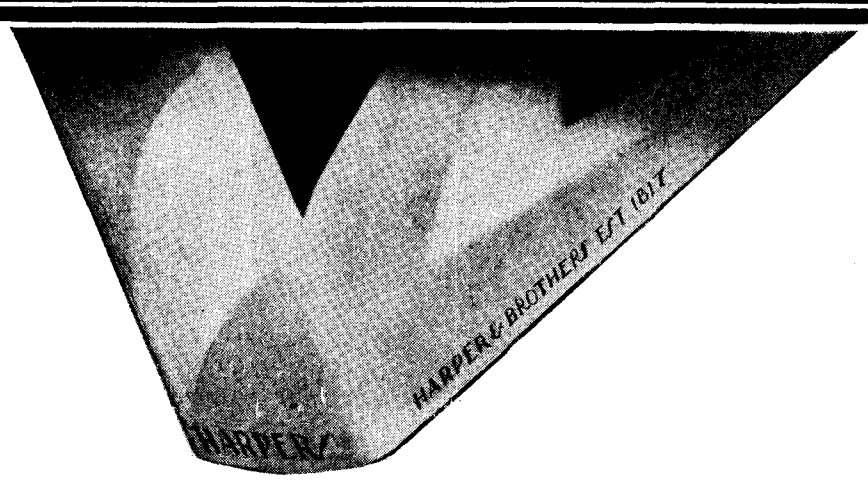

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